

# Silent Worker

CYCLE NUMBER.

VOL. IX. NO. 9

TRENTON, N. J., MAY, 1897.

5 CENTS A COPY.



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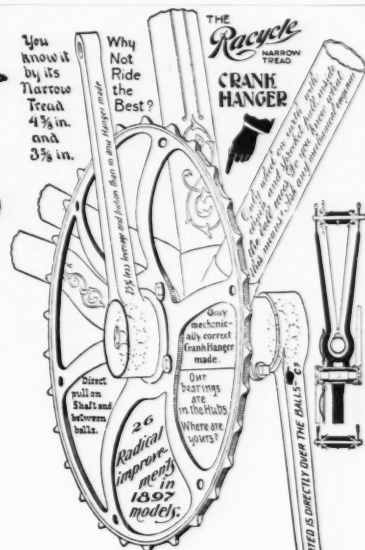
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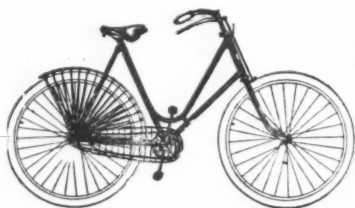
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**415 Market St.****Bicycle Notes.**

A ROAD isn't a road unless it's "good."

THE State of Pennsylvania has been allowed \$40,000 for bicycle paths this year.

TALK of the dangers of bicycle riding! More people travel with "safety" nowadays than at any other period in the world's history.

If "the way of transgressors is hard"  
(There are some quite unwilling to swallow it).  
Explain why so many regard  
It so easy a matter to follow it?

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE lot of the German lady cyclist is not a happy one. Before she can ride in the streets she has to give an exhibition of her skill, and prove her ability to the satisfaction of the police authorities. Having passed the test, she is served with an official document which declares her to be the rightful owner of the bicycle. This document must be carried with her whenever she goes out riding, and produced when called upon by the police. No wonder German girls prefer any recreation to cycling! —*London Cyclist*.

"It all, I see, depends on me,"

Said the tire, "and I must

Set up a pace that will win the race,

And I'll do it, too, or bust!"

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**All Run Down.**

"I feel," said the clock that had ceased to tick, "like the victim of a bicycle collision." "How is that?" asked the watch. "Run down."

**His Turn Now.**

Hoax—"What! you buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them."

Joax—"So I do; but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge." —*Philadelphia Record*.

**For the Wheel.**

Bicycle appliances continue to multiply. Here are some seen at the New York Cycle Show: removable bar combination tandem; novel tandem with elevated rear seat; ball tire open; inflating ball tire with pump; ball tire; detachable sprocket and two piece crank shaft; non-splittable wood rim; non-puncturable tire; triplet frame; chemical fire cycle; chain adjuster; disk bearing hub; saddle clip; an adjuster wrench; hygienic padded saddle; electric bicycle lamp.—*Ex.*

**What It Will Come To.**

A gentleman, well known among cyclists as one who has done much for cycling, speaking recently in a prophetic vein, declared:

"We shall enter a tube, and 'Piff!' we are in Chicago.

"Our children will fly. One of their favorite sports will be to flit about and drop stones on cyclists.

"All buildings will be entered from the top, and elevators will run down to the ground floor.

"Masses of raw material will be thrown into one end of the ideal factory, and will come out of the other end high grade wheels at \$50." —*The Waterbury Magazine*.

**Hints for Young Cyclists.**

Don't try to catch the handle-bar with your teeth.

Don't look around to see if the hind wheel is following.

Don't be surprised if the front wheel shows a disposition to turn into a yard and lie down for a rest.

Always fall on your right shoulder, and do not let your ear strike the ground till a few seconds later.

When you lose a pedal don't get off and go back to look for it. It's there on the machine still, and if you'll feel for it long enough you'll find it again.

Should you find a runaway horse on your trail, keep close to the curb until he has passed. Then make a spurt and seize him by the tail and put on the brake.

Never kill a pedestrian when it can be avoided, but when you do kill one, dismount and say you're sorry.—*The Hub*.



C. B.

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Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

## The State Capitol At Trenton.

WE take pleasure in offering to our readers this month, a cut of the State Capitol at Trenton, engraved by the special artist of the SILENT WORKER, Mr. Chas. J. LeClercq, from a photograph—the best in our judgment that has ever been presented to the public—by the well-known specialist in out-door photography, Mr. Ranauld Douglas. Both these gentlemen are deaf, and we take special pleasure, on that account, in calling attention to the excellence of their work.

New Jersey, like the smaller states of Connecticut and Rhode Island, was originally divided into two provinces—East and West Jersey, and in early histories we read, for instance, of Washington's campaign, not in New Jersey, but in "the Jerseys." Unlike those states, she was wise enough to avoid at the outset the inconvenience of a dual seat of government, although when, in 1790, the question of fixing a site for the government came up, East Jersey insisted on having it at New Brunswick, while West Jersey held out for Woodbury. As so often happens in political fights, a "compromise candidate" won, and Trenton was very wisely selected as being centrally located, easy of access from all parts of the State, and as having interesting associations with the Revolutionary struggle.

Gifts of land and money to the total value of about £650 in the currency of the period were received from the people of Trenton and vicinity, and with an appropriation of £3500 made by the Legislature, building was begun and in the next year the State House had been finished, at a cost of £3,820, 19 s., 5½ d. From that modest structure to the one which our picture shows occupying the same site, there has been a growth corresponding to that of Trenton from the little village at the Falls of the Delaware to the busy city of 70,000 inhabitants.

It would be tedious to give in detail the successive steps by which the edifice has grown to its present proportions, but the stately and commodious building which forms the front of the pile as it stands, was erected to replace the portion of the Capitol which was destroyed by fire on the night of March 21st, 1885—and, by the way, that was one of the coldest nights of a cold winter. In 1889 the new structure was completed, under the direction of a commission, of which Hon. J. Bingham Woodward of the State Board of Education which governs this institution was a prominent member, at a total cost of 275,000 dollars. This building is solidly constructed of brick masonry, faced with Indiana oolite, with a balcony in front, supported by massive and highly polished granite pillars;

and for beauty of architecture without and within, for convenience and safety, is equalled by but few public buildings any where.

A rotunda thirty nine feet across, surmounted by a gilded dome one hundred and forty-five feet high, connects this building with the others in the group which make up the Capitol. On the walls of this rotunda are hung portraits of men who have rendered distinguished services to the State and to the country in civil or military office.

Further back are the halls of the Senate and of the Assembly, with the necessary rooms for committees and other purposes. The Assembly chamber, erected in 1891, is one of the best buildings for the purpose in the country. On either side of the hall leading from the front building to these halls are arranged cases holding the tattered flags which by their inscriptions, and still more forcibly by the stains and bullet-holes,

new Assembly building, well lighted and conveniently arranged, has been devoted to the geological and educational museum, under the charge of S. R. Morse, Esq., a member of the State Board of Education. It was owing to Mr. Morse's intelligence and exertions that the magnificent educational exhibit of the State at the World's Columbian Fair was so arranged and so brought to the notice of visitors as to be recognized for what it was, the finest display made by any state in the country. The Supreme Court and Court of Chancery have rooms in the State House, where the highest questions of law are decided by able and impartial jurists.

The State House grounds have a frontage of two hundred and forty seven feet, six inches, and run back to low-water mark in the Delaware river, six hundred and sixty feet. As our illustration shows, the grounds are so laid out and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers as to make the most of the natural advantages. The present custodian, Mr. Bonnell, has the taste of an accomplished landscape gardener, and has made the grounds a show place during the open season.

If our limits would allow, we should like to describe the various departments of the State government, and the commodious quarters allotted to each in this fine building, but we can only say that we believe it is generally recognized that our courts of justice, our schools, our militia and our finances are managed with ability and faithfulness in a degree which is nowhere surpassed.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness for material to the scholarly and interesting "History of Trenton," by Francis B. Lee, Esq., sumptuously printed by the *State Gazette* of this city.

W. J.



Photo. by Ranauld Douglas.

THE STATE HOUSE.

LeClercq Eng.

attest the courage of New Jersey troops on many a field of battle.

"Jersey justice" has long been proverbial for its fearless enforcement of law, and Jersey schools are well known for their excellence to all who have followed educational progress of late years with attention. It is not a surprise then, to find the whole of the third story of the front building, which is sixty-nine by one hundred and sixty feet, devoted to the State Library, which is divided into two parts, a legal and a general library. Under the care of Col. Morris R. Hamilton, this valuable collection of books is growing by wise selection, and is made more useful to those consulting it by the courteous and intelligent service of the assistants. As showing the value of this collection, the writer was lately requested to obtain here, if possible, certain information on a historical question, which the applicant was unable to find in the Boston Public Library. An application to Col. Hamilton was answered on the moment by a reference to the book in which the required information could be found.

A considerable space on the third floor of the

ously printed by the *State Gazette* of this city.

THE cloud of antagonism against bicycles is fast fading away, and many who were a few months ago "dead set" against the popular pleasure are now riders of the silent steed themselves. The fever had even taken hold of those far advanced in years as the following amusing incident shows.

An old lady stood watching a man examining a wheel at Robert's, Third and Federal, yesterday. "Well!" she exclaimed as she recognized him. "Another fool, eh?" The man said something to her and she interrupted saying, "I'm deaf and don't hear what you say, but you are a fool just the same." Whereupon he produced a pencil and paper and wrote a few words which read: "I am buying a wheel for my mother. She is eighty years old and has learned to ride."

The old lady read it and fainted dead away—*Camden Review*.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## CYCLING CLUBS IN TRENTON.

BY AN OLD WHEELMAN.



O long ago as June, 1884, an organization of wheelmen was formed in Trenton, with ten charter members, under the name of the Trenton Bicycle Club, the first meeting having been held at the Trenton House.

At first the club had no regular place of meeting, unless it was, as one of these old-timers humorously says, "the fire-plug in Warren street." Afterwards, regular meetings were held twice a month at the rooms of the W. C. T. U. The officers for the first year were: S. S. Staples, Pres't; S. P. Camp, Sec'y and Capt. A complete uniform was adopted which included a flannel shirt bearing the initials of the club, T. B. C. This lettering was speedily perverted by the small boy (who, as our local readers know, is more numerous and more objectionable in Trenton than elsewhere) to stand for the legend, "Torn Breeches Crowd"—and, in truth, there was something in the appearance of the members when returning from a club run, that seemed to make that name not inappropriate.

For those were the days of the old "ordinary" ("or'nary" enough they were, too) wheels of 54 or 56 inches diameter, on which you barked your shins when you mounted, and skinned your nose when you got off. There were two principal makes, the Star with the small wheel in front, and the Columbia, which had a bar sweeping in a graceful curve from the saddle to the small wheel in the rear. It was on one of these that a rider, silhouetted against the sky in the dusk of evening, terrified the natives, who took him for the devil travelling around the country on a buggy wheel. The Star, made at Smithville in this state, was a little less dangerous a mount than the Columbia, but made about as much noise as a Dutch band, whence its popular name, "Jersey coffee-mill." One of the early fathers of Trenton wheeling, after a sad experience which involved a few fractures, contusions and dislocations on the part of rider and of steed, sold his wheel to a friend of more zeal but of less experience. He accompanied the bill of sale with another legal document reading, in part, as follows:

"And, in consideration of the sum of—dollars to me in hand paid, and in further consideration of love and affection to the said A. B. and to the said bike, I do hereby give, bestow, and bequeath, for myself, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, to the said A. B. and the said bike, jointly and severally, or to either of them, full power and authority to ride each other, at any time, and all times, and at the same time, at, against, athwart, through, over, in or into such stone-walls, dogs, baby-carriages, thorn-fences, policemen, trees and members of the city council as may by the said A. B. and the said bike be agreed or disagreed upon."

In those days, many were the trials of the wheelman;—truckmen ran him down in the roadway and policemen "pinched" him on the side-walk; small boys jeered and the four-legged curs barked at him; West State street was a stone-heap, Greenwood avenue was a morass, and the country roads were both. Two of those early wheelmen, while out for a spin, were attacked by a ferocious bull terrier. As their flight brought them to a spreading oak, one of them caught a branch and swung himself to safety; the other was caught by a branch and was knocked backwards off the wheel, falling with the emphasis of large avoidupois on the hapless dog, whose fine proportions were reduced by the impact to the meaningless outline of a pancake. All was well so far, but the owner of the dog, a powerful termagant with a broom, now appeared and—the story from this point becomes confused.

## THE MERCER COUNTY WHEELMEN.

The Mercer County Wheelmen is the outgrowth of this early club and its organization was effected Nov. 11th, 1889. The membership is now between 300 and 400. They have by far the largest and finest quarters of any club in the city, occupying the fine old mansion, on E. State St., formerly used by the Lochiel Club, to which an addition, itself as large as a good-

sized house, is now in course of building. With all the usual adjuncts to a successful club, it has also a complete gymnasium, something not possessed by any other club in the city. From time to time it gives ladies' nights which are largely attended. For the promotion of racing the club will probably give a meet in September, and will hold road-races from time to time through the summer. Its annual century run will take place on Monday, May 31st. It has the credit of having held the most successful century run on record. This was on July 11th, 1896, when the run of 102 miles from Trenton to Asbury Park and return was completed by 364 persons, in spite of a strong head wind on the return.

The officers for the present year are as follows: Barton B. Fell, President; W. J. Mulford, Vice-President; Benj. F. Haven, Recording Sec'y; E. S. Applegate, Financial Secretary; W. S. Ivins, Treasurer and H. T. Evans, Captain.

A monthly paper, called "Wind," attractive in appearance and interesting in contents, is published by the club.

## THE BUSINESS MEN'S CYCLE LEAGUE.

The Business Men's Cycle League is composed

Most of the members are strong riders, accustomed to all kinds of roads and all kinds of weather, and the readings of their cyclometers would make one happy if he could transfer them to his bank account. Most of them have ridden their century on more than one occasion, but it was not until the famous run of the M. C. W. in '96, that the club as an organization entered a century run. They entered ten members, of whom all but one were survivors. It is evident that the Trenton bicyclicienne is not a "quitter!" Those who made the run successfully were Mrs. A. West, Mrs. Charles Wood, Mrs. H. West, Mrs. E. W. Jerman, Mrs. Edgar Risdon, Miss Katharine Doulon, Miss Bessie Walters, Miss Reese and Miss Ida G. Ale.

This association numbers many expert wheelwomen, especially among whom should be noted Miss Ida G. Ale, who, it is said, has made more century runs than any other woman east of the Alleghanies.

For information and assistance rendered, thanks are due to Messrs. Robert V. Whitehead and Benjamin Havens, and to Mrs. John W. Phillips.



GROUP OF CYCLISTS OF THE N. J. SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

of gentlemen who have no ambition to run up mileage, and who make no attempt to pass as experts in the mechanism of the wheel or in the records of the cycling cracks. They ride for health and pleasure simply, and have organized themselves with the purpose only of adding the enjoyment of sociability to that of exercise. The officers are, Pres't, W. C. Lawrence; Sec'y, J. H. Britton; Treasurer, L. B. Risdon. Their membership is about 100, and they have rooms on Warren street, over the "Alhambra."

## THE MERCER COUNTY LADY CYCLISTS.

The Mercer County Lady Cyclists is the name of the most recent of our wheeling organizations, dating from June 1st, 1894. The officers for the current year are, Mrs. Charles Risdon, President; Mrs. Frank Bloom, Vice-President; Mrs. John W. Phillips, Secretary; Mrs. Charles Nangle, Treasurer, and Mrs. Edward Zerman, Captain. Besides these officers, there are Lieutenants, who are appointed by the Captain. There are also a membership committee and an entertainment committee, each of five members. The present membership is in the vicinity of thirty-five. The headquarters of the club are at the residence of Mrs. Frank Bloom, 36 E. Front street, where meetings are held on the first Monday evening of each month. In the winter, when riding is not practicable, the club gives a series of in-door entertainments, under the direction of the appropriate committee.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## WHEELING IN KENTUCKY.

THE bluegrass region of Kentucky is an ideal country for wheeling. The macadam and gravel turnpikes that form a network between the towns can hardly be equaled in the United States. The old National Road between Washington and the South, one of the finest highways ever constructed in this country, along which the stage coach with its "driver and four" dashed and rattled before the era of railroads, passed through the State, and served as a model for other roads. Along these turnpikes, paralleled on each side by stone-walls, fairer in prospect than "the green lanes of England," set back amid groves of fine old trees are the ancestral homes of the Kentucky Colonels. Much of the bluegrass section is given over to stock farms and the cyclist sees on every hand flocks of Southdowns, herds of sleek Shorthorns standing knee-deep in bluegrass, and colts and yearlings, the future kings and queens of the turf, that can trace their pedigrees back almost as far as some of the people who came over in the Mayflower. The roads are quite level, though there are lines of beauty and grace in the landscape, and one returns (provided the tire has held) from a ride through such scenes with a feeling that he has been near to Nature's heart.

The Kentucky School for the Deaf stands fourth



A GROUP OF CYCLISTS AT THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF. *LeClercq Eng*

in order of establishment and perhaps no further down the line in order of Bicycle Clubs. About a month ago at Teachers' Meeting it was announced that there would be a meeting of all bicycle riders and those especially interested in wheeling, immediately after adjournment. The result was that ten officers and teachers assembled for the purpose of forming a club. Nothing further than electing a president was done. A *standard* man was unanimously chosen and the club began to assume a definite shape. A week later President McClure notified all members that there would be a meeting immediately after the close of the day's work. At this time two new applications for membership were presented and acted upon. The name "Decimo" was originally chosen, referring to the ten charter members and at that time it was agreed upon to change the name in regular numerical order as the membership increased. The reception of the two new members gives it its present name—The Duodecimo Cycle Club. The original ten members were equally divided—five men and five women. The same is true of the club now. This is merely a coincidence as there is no restriction as to sex.

At the same meeting, after much deliberation and many suggestions, the club colors were chosen. To say the least of the matter, they are very suggestive—Black and Blue. Only one person, so far has expressed the opinion of lack of contrast in the colors, and in justice to her we must add that *she has never ridden a wheel*. It was suggested that club motto be "Show your colors," but it was not adopted.

Although there were fully as many suggestions when the matter of Club Flower was brought up, there was less deliberation and a choice was soon made. For the benefit of the uninitiated, perhaps it will be best to mention here, the sentimentality which is generally accredited to our own Institution. There is something in the very atmosphere that smacks of sentiment and this will in part, we feel sure, account for the choice—"Heart's Ease." As soon as this candidate's name was placed in nomination, those of "Sunflower," "Pansy," "Daisy," etc., were speedily withdrawn.

While the club was equipped with a good rudder, there were officers of minor importance to be chosen. Accordingly Mr. T. M. Barbee, was elected treasurer and Mr. W. H. Carter, Secretary. A committee on ways and means was duly appointed. The members chosen are thoroughly acquainted with the diverging pikes and were instructed to look well to the weather forecasts, in selecting dates for trips.

The smiles in the accompanying half-tone had scarcely faded from the faces of the subjects,

when the initial trip was begun. A line of twelve shining wheels and, well, passable riders formed a pleasing spectacle. A casual observer will notice small discs of celluloid on the coats of some of the members. These came out in the dying throes of a timely death of that craze. Photographic attainments are not sufficient to reveal the inscriptions thereon we give a few of them here. "Good roads." "It's a good thing, push it along."

They are both very appropriate. In the first place we know of no better average roads than those of our state. Eight turnpikes of the best beaten rock and gravel running in every direction furnish great variety of scenery. Some of these are the oldest and best in the State and are kept up by toll-gates. Although it may seem paradoxical we enjoy free turnpikes. One remarkable thing about them is the rapidity with which they absorb water. Within less than twenty four hours after an ordinary rain they are in fine condition for riding. Then, too, there are a number of points of interest to which they lead. A ride of five miles brings us to Linnietta Springs, where there are abundant springs of Sulphur, Iron,

Alum, Salt and Chalybeate waters. These springs are located just at the foot of the Knobs, a spur of hills rising to quite a height, which in western phrase would be termed foot hills.

Continuing our ride about four miles we reach the Shelby Place, the reputed scene of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Another ride of ten miles brings us to the field upon which was fought the historic Battle of Perryville. On another pike we soon reach the banks of the scenic Dix River, guarded on each side by continuous sentinel-like cliffs of limestone. On another, after a stretch of twelve miles, we reach a village of quaint Shaker inhabitants and High Bridge. This bridge true to its name crosses the Kentucky River just below the point where Dix River flows into it at a maximum height of two hundred and eighty feet.

What further requisites are necessary to happiness than good roads, running along between endless, velvety carpets of bluegrass, a cloudless sky, a well inflated tire and a company of congenial companions? We can mention only one and that conditionally. That is a good lunch and that is conditioned upon the length of the trip. Conclusive proof that our roads are good is the fact that at first some of our riders thought that their cyclometers were defective in that they registered too fast. Then, too, there is the moon light. Our sister planet has for centuries been accused of being a trifle too conductive to *affaires du cœur*. If this be true bicycling in the moonlight certainly does not in any way rob her of her attribute. In any event we shall make the experiment.

Several trips to points of interest have been arranged and we are anticipating these occasions with much pleasure. Our club is still in its infancy, yet we feel that we have made a good beginning and we hope to hear of more of them in the profession at an early date. W. H. CARTER.

Kentucky School for the Deaf.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

#### SEMI-MUTES AND THE WHEEL.

BY J. H. EDDY.

**B**ICYCLING is revolutionizing modern life in many ways, and for the better. More especially in regard to sustained bodily vigor and longevity, we may hope it will prove an inestimable benefit to latter day man and womankind. Were it possible to induce every person in fair health to take a reasonable modicum of fresh air and exercise daily, could there be any doubt that health, vigor and longevity would be increased in a marked degree?



A GROUP OF CYCLISTS AT THE ROME, N. Y., SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.



NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.,—"GOOD ROADS" AND CHARMING SCENERY.

Few people, however, can be prevailed upon to attend to this matter; what fresh air and exercise they get comes to them incidentally in the course of the routine of their duties. They live so artificially that before middle life they are continually physicking themselves to get rid of indigestion, head-ache, neuralgia, rheumatism and other familiar but detestable complaints. To such the bicycle may prove the saviour of their health and consequent happiness. The boys need nothing to get them out into the open; any sport or game will answer. With those past the flush of youth it is different; they must have some inducement to overcome the reluctance to effort. The exhilarating ride on the wheel supplies this. Whoever has mastered the first trying steps will indeed find his wheel "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

It has been asserted by those whose personal experience might give authority to their statements, that semi-mutes find a peculiar difficulty in maintaining their equilibrium on the wheel, and will always find it so, particularly at night. The same cause as that which gives them an unsteady gait is supposed to be at the bottom of this. Such a question is not to be decided off hand by any one, nor even quite a few. For my own part I do not think that semi-mutes are much handicapped in this way, but they share the common difficulty of all novices in keeping their balance under the new and strange conditions that attend riding the unstable steel steed. Every body probably experiences a sensation of giddiness the first few times he or she tries it. Some semi-mutes will learn to ride sooner than others, according to their greater share of pluck and confidence, just as with other people.

There is considerable difference in the stable qualities of different makes of wheels. Some are notoriously "cranky," and others remarkably "steady," so that they almost seem to maintain their, and your own, equilibrium. But this difference is not nearly so marked with the new wheels; the makers seem to have nearly all arrived at about the same solution of the problem of adjusting properly the parts of the wheel to secure this quality. Again, the build of a rider has much to do with keeping balance easily. If he is broad-shouldered and deep-chested his centre of gravity is high, which makes him "top heavy," and his balance harder to hold. With people who are built the other way, that is heaviest about the waist and hips, which is the rule, the equilibrium is much more stable. It is a

great thing for beginners to have confidence in the supporting powers of the air and to keep perfectly upright, not swaying the body, when learning.

As to riding in the dark, I have never found any difficulty in keeping straight after getting a good headway. If one is familiar with the road, and it is a fair one, there is little difference from daylight riding. But spare me from riding on a strange road after dark! Bottomless pits seem to yawn on every side.

As to tires: a double tire will be found preferable in the long run for various reasons, but a single tube, if well made, has its advantages. Trifling punctures are much easier repaired on a single tube with the "quick repair" kit, but when a jagged cut is made in this tire it is generally worthless. By all means have your tire detachable if it is a double tire, but if it is cemented on the rim, get a single tube.

There is a decided advantage in using wooden handle bars. They take up nearly all of the vibration that comes from the front wheel in going over uneven roads, which is so unpleasant and trying. Now, if some one would invent a practically dust proof aluminum gear case, I would be perfectly happy in possessing one. If any kind reader knows of such a thing and will inform the writer, his courtesy would be greatly appreciated.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

#### "Silent Wheelmen of Greater New York."

BY "A QUAD."

JUST one year ago I dreaded the sight of a bicycle. I considered the craze a nuisance to the better element of the community in which I live. The readers of the SILENT WORKER will remember I tried to ridicule the bicycle in the last Bicycle Number of this paper.

Well, to make a long story short, my friends have won the day, and now I am among the most enthusiastic in the sport.

It happened this way. My friends one by one all took to the wheel, and, of course, I had to follow suit, or go it alone. Another inducement was because I needed exercise, and as it is stated that wheelmen save doctor's bills, the temptation was too much for me, so I bought a "Racycle"—one of the roadsters, which is easily managed, and by riding you do not get exhausted. Well, I have found that it is so, and to-day I would not give up my wheel for anything. Oh, riding a wheel is splendid. And ye readers, who like myself only a year ago thought otherwise, should go and do likewise.

But I started to write about the new deaf-mute bicycle club of Greater New York.

The prime movers of the new organization were Messrs. Charles J. LeClerc and I. Newton Soper, two well known deaf gentlemen, who for several years past have found recreation and pleasure in riding their "silent steed."

A call was issued for a meeting, which took place, on April 25th, at Captain Louis Wendel's Washington Bridge Hotel, opposite Washington Bridge. A more desirable place could not be found for miles around. Although the meeting was called in the morning, eleven deaf bicyclists were on hand at half-past ten, when Mr. LeClerc opened the meeting by outlining the object of the new organization. He then nominated Mr. I. Newton Soper for temporary chairman. The first thing done on assuming the chair was to ask for an expression of opinion by all present, after which the name of the club was decided upon as—THE SILENT WHEELMEN OF GREATER NEW YORK. The object of this organization in brief



THE SILENT WHEELMEN OF GREATER NEW YORK.



is "to enable deaf wheelmen to enjoy outing and recreation in company with one another." Blanks were then passed around, and the eleven deaf wheelmen present affixed their names as members. The election of officers then took place, and the following were elected to serve for the ensuing year.

President, I. Newton Soper.  
Secretary, Anthony Capelli.  
Treasurer, Jacques Alexander.  
Captain, Charles J. LeClerc.

After the election of officers it was decided that the initiation fee for the first twenty-five members is to be twenty-five cents, after the club shall have reached a membership of twenty-five, all future applications for admission will have to be accompanied by an initiation fee of one dollar. The monthly dues for the present are to be only ten cents.

After the adjournment of the meeting the new organization was photographed by Artist Le Clercq, and to him is due also the praise of the engraving which is here presented. The spot on which the picture is taken is historic. It was just here where General Washington's army met the British army in battle. It is just opposite the splendid bridge named after General Washington—Washington Bridge, of which New Yorkers are justly proud, especially the wheelmen, of whom thousands cross it every day and evening.

For fear the readers may tire, I will close, but not before stating that there are no more wheels in my head, for now I sit on a wheel when I am at leisure, and to all those who yet shun the suggestion of the wheel, I would say, give it a trial and be convinced.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

#### A FEW POINTS.

BY CHAS. J. LECLERCQ.

THOSE who have just begun to learn the art of bicycle riding must remember that not only are the legs affected by riding, but that the exercise benefits nearly every portion of the human body. This seems at first to be rather odd, but at the same time it is perfectly true, and has been proved by the best of experiments.

The novice after taking a ten mile jaunt expects to feel tired in the legs and is considerably—not to say disagreeably—surprised when he finds himself aching all over. Probably more discomfort will be felt in the thighs than anywhere else, or maybe pain is in the loins or between the shoulder blades. A number of muscles in the arms and shoulders and chest begin to ache and one is quite unable to explain it, in fact, the thought that they were due to exercise on the wheel, is probably the last thing to enter one's mind.

Cycling must not be regarded as an exercise for the legs alone. Chest, arms, forearms and the muscular system generally feel the benefit of wheeling. It is very easy to see why cycling increases the strength of the legs, but the explanation of why it helps the development of the chest is probably not quite so easy. Noted physicians, speaking on the subject, say that this latter fact is due to a deeper and more rapid breathing. The respiratory muscles become stronger and larger and the joints and cartilage of the ribs move more easily and more freely because they have been limbered up by frequent use. Then nearly every other muscle in the body is exercised at some time during the ride. To keep one's balance it is necessary that certain muscles should be exercised, the spine and hip bones are used in adjusting one's self on the wheel, while the arms and forearms are brought into play at almost every moment. The heart of the bicyclist, of course, is compelled to do extra work, and on its integrity only depends the life of the cyclist.

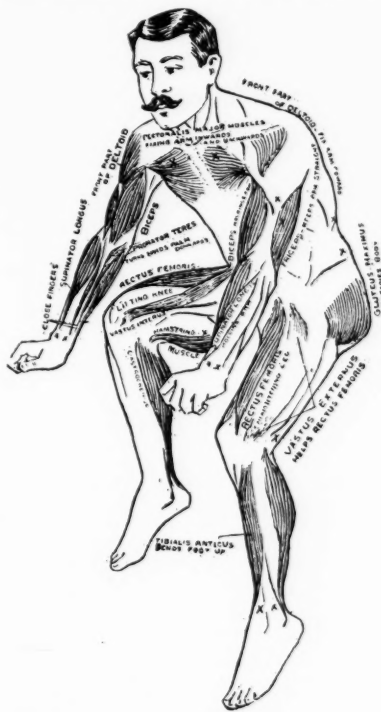
To riders of sound body harm will result only through attempting to attain high rate of speed, from long and tiresome rides and from excessive hill-climbing. To a rider in sound health who uses the wheel sensibly no harm can result. Shortness of breath is a great index to the breaking down of the heart and those who suffer from shortness of breath should take warning at once and not attempt to make too many century runs on a wheel.

Breathing through the nostrils with the mouth tightly shut is said to be a great prevention of the heart strain.

The various muscles brought into play by the use of the bicycle, are correctly presented by my illustration. It will undoubtedly open the eyes of many riders to the benefits which may be derived from its proper use of the wheel, no other recreation contributing so largely to health.

Fatigue at the wrists may be relieved by changing the grip, so as to catch the handles with the palms up, also by raising or lowering the shoulders so as to change the angle at which the wrist is bent.

This, as well as changing the grip, will relieve pain on the outer side of the arms. Sometimes pain is felt at the elbow joint, especially when the arm is bent at the joint and the road is rough. This is relieved by sitting up straighter, and thus straightening the arm. Fatigue of the chest muscle (*pectoralis major*) is always due to bending the back over, thus keeping the chest in a permanently contracted condition. Straighten the back and the fatigue will disappear. Pain in the back from riding is due to jolting and generally to leaning over too far forward. Pain in



the femoris is due to the double work that muscle has to perform in cycling. It not only straightens the leg when the foot goes down, but pulls the knee up the next movement.

No other muscle has so much work on the wheel. It is the great "push" muscle in cycling.

It is noticed that women are more inclined to take the proper position than men. Their vanity prompts them to do so, as they know they look better sitting up. Another point must be borne in mind, that of gearing. There is physical danger in the use of high gears by those who are not in robust health or strong in limb.

Even a few inches make a great deal of difference with one well accustomed to the exercise of wheeling. In the Bicycle we have the means that will develop the muscular system necessary and solve favorably the questions of good health.

Tread is variously defined—actually it is the distance between the innermost points of the feet as they revolve upon the pedals. It is no uncommon thing to see some riders with the feet spread out to seven inches, with knees closed, as if nature gave them bandy legs. Narrow tread gives less fatigue and natural running.

While the gentlemen are supposed to take the lead in bicycling, they are, generally speaking behind the ladies in tandem riding.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

#### OUR WORK AND RECREATION.

BY R. E. MAYNARD.

OUR work lies in many channels of business, but no matter in what department of the whole, that ancient but wise proverb holds true of them all, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Our recreation—that is a term applied by our forefathers to those moments we have by law and custom to ourselves, wherein to "rest our weary limbs," to recreate our worn out frames, but in these modern times it signifies most every thing, from taking a stroll on foot to a trip to Europe; a trip on a wheel to the indulging in of the varied and many American sports,—and these are also guided by the adage, "All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

And one of the modern and most popular sports in America, if not in the whole world,—(except in Greece and Turkey at this moment, where the sport is wheeling into line and gunning man for man.)—is BICYCLING. The craze is tremendous, when we come to think of it, of the millions who ride the steel steed for health and in pursuing their business. The League of American Wheelmen, for instance, shows a membership of over 70,000, three-fourths of whom ride the wheel for pleasure and recreation, and of the other fourth, a gentleman who has a small business in Newark, N. J., tells me he rode 10,632 miles in 1896 in attending to the details of his business. These two illustrations give some idea of the vast use to which the wheel put.

We often notice the school boy after hours of enforced silence and quiet in the school room rush out in the open air to joyful activity. So it is with the businessman and employe when the whistle announces ceasing of work, and the mind that was absorbed in work and activity on certain things relaxes the strain and is diverted to subjects which we call play of the mind.

We often find ourselves actively busy, resolutely bent on something which requires thought and care, our mind is fixed on guarding our present interests, or it may be planning and working for the coming hours of recreation and pleasure to which we always look forward to, and designing a trip on the wheel to some locality we know will afford us ease and comfort. Later, as we find our plans end as we expected, the strain on the mind is removed, our doubts of the weather and condition of roads are dispelled; yet we are still busy with the play of the mind and our aim grows less vigorous as we near the end of our destination. That we enjoy the wheel is evident by the gradual peace of mind, the benefits of fresh air and general good cheer. In these moments the inmost nature asserts itself, for being left free to wander at will, we seek the paths we most enjoy and revel in them.

That we revel in these trips is a secret of the individual, though were others possible to know these secrets, they would be able to know the wheelman as he IS, not as he appears to be. They would see pictures of the beautiful objects and places that the wheelman has seen and studied, not alone of historical interest and natural beauty, but also of the handwork of man in beautifying the simplicity of nature by his skill and genius.

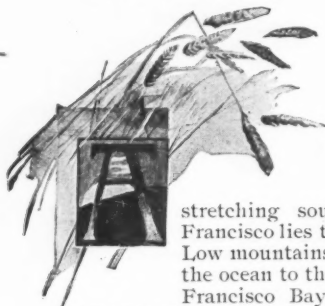
Thus, through life, man shows himself as he IS more plainly in his hours of ease and recreation than at any other time, both in what he chooses to do and the way he conducts himself when left entirely and perfectly free. And it cannot be doubted that nine times out of ten, a man, in these days, seeking amusement and bodily health will most likely take to the wheel, and well may we note that like all good inventions the wheel becomes rusty with disuse and a curse with abuse, and therefore a judicious use of the wheel is more to be desired.

Like other play and sports, then, wheeling should never be considered insignificant and unworthy of attention. While it should never be indulged in to excess and tabooed as sinful, it may be so skillfully and gracefully guided as to rob the wheel of all its dangers and make it a source of blessing and happiness during the whole life.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

**Bicycling in the Santa Clara Valley, California.**

BY C. L. PLACE.



ABOUT the size of Palestine, nearly 170 miles long, stretching south-east from San Francisco lies this beautiful valley. Low mountains are between it and the ocean to the west, and the San Francisco Bay on the other side separates it from a higher range, on the highest point of which gleams a speck of light which we know is Lick observatory, forty miles away.

Up this valley winds the county road, macadamized and sprinkled every day during the dry season, while charming side roads leading into the beautiful foot-hills and over the mountains, constantly tempt the cyclist. Truly a paradise for wheelmen!

We realize it as we spin along past the beautiful estates, whose villa-like houses are hidden from view in the beautiful parks by which each is surrounded. Orchards of olive and prune and apricot, wide grain fields and vineyards, Chinese gardens which furnish fresh vegetables and strawberries all the year round, together with trees and shrubs of semi-tropical regions, impress upon us the difference between this and the snow-covered East. Eucalyptus, Bay, Laurel, Live Oak, Madrono and the exquisite Pepper trees, all green throughout the year, take the places of the Elm, Maple, Boxelder and Linden which we look for here in vain. Ever present flocks of Meadow larks seem to sing all day and every day.

Thirty-three miles up this valley from San Francisco we come to the only Redwood remaining in this valley, which is over one hundred and fifty feet tall. This tall tree gave the name to Governor Stanford's ranch, *Palo Alto*, Spanish for *tall tree*, and later, to the little town which owes its existence to the University. Six years ago a wheat field, but also a most exquisite grove of live oak trees, Palo Alto has exchanged its wheat for picturesque little cottages and offers a most attractive home for students and families who wish to educate their children. The still vacant spaces of the little town are covered with wild flowers, the tiny pink alfalfa and the gorgeous orange-colored California poppy, a field of which, at a little distance looks as if it were on fire.

Just a mile from the station, up a bicycle path which leads through the Arboretum, a hundred-acre grove, we come to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, founded in memory of the son of Senator Stanford, who died in his seventeenth year. The buildings are unique in University architecture, being constructed after plans of the old Spanish Missions of Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey. One-story buildings of light-colored sandstone with red tiled roofs surround, on all sides, a quadrangle, 526 ft. x 248 ft., familiarly known as "The Quad." Around this "Quad" are beautiful arcades in which students cannot wander for four years without receiving an unconscious education of taste in matters of architecture.

To the left of the "Quad" is Encina, Spanish for live oak, the boys' dormitory, to the right is Roble, white oak, the girls' dormitory. Back of

Encina Hall and the boys' gymnasium is "The Row," composed of Professors' homes and Fraternity Houses, which look out on the hills less than a mile away.

Senator Stanford's idea was to establish a University where students might obtain an education which would fit them for practical usefulness; therefore great efforts are made to give strong courses in scientific and mechanical lines. The absence of tuition fees opens the University to all who can pay their board or find an opportunity to work for it.

To see a little of the estate which single-handed supports this University with its eighty professors and thousand students, we wheel down a beautiful drive past the Museum, a very fine building, past the Mausoleum, where both Senator Stanford and his son are buried, past the cactus gardens where all forms of desert life are grown on soil brought from the Mojave desert, three hundred miles to the south, to the immense vineyards and the Palo Alto home of Mrs. Stanford. Just now long stretches of callas and the magnolia and almond trees are in bloom and the air is sweet with the fragrance of countless violets. We leave this beautiful park, which lies along the bank of the San Francisco creek, and spin for half a mile, through the beautiful Eucalyptus avenue which connects the vineyard

calling, each evening, through the streets, "Tomales, hot chicken Tomales," call up pictures of the time of the Spanish occupation of this country. The dark faces are still frequent and the days of the *alcalde* and wild, free Mexican life seem very near.

A spin of a few miles brings us to the bank of a creek where, by a little digging, we may unearth many relics of the Digger Indians, who, as far as we know, were the original possessors of the valley. They gathered here, time after time, for their feasts of shelled fish and various ceremonies, till the refuse of their feasts and the ashes of their camp-fires made an immense mound, covering one or two acres, which is called a *Rancheria*. Annual trips are made to these spots of historic interest by the class in Pacific Slope History.

To show that the advantages of this valley are appreciated, one only needs to see the hundreds of wheels in the Arcades or to watch the gathering of the students in the morning, which is like the flight of pigeons, or, less easily observed, to know of the countless expeditions to the many points of interest that occur each week. Best of all, the wheeling season lasts all the year around.



Dr. Douglas Hogg, of Paris, recently requested in the columns of the *Paris Journal of Medicine* the opinions of medical men as to whether bicycling was healthy or injurious to women. He has received forty-eight answers to his question from distinguished English, French, and other physicians. Of these, thirty-six approve the exercise, if practised in moderation, three recommend it under certain conditions, while nine are totally opposed to bicycling for women.

Dr. Conan Doyle, speaking of cycling, says: "When the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hope seems hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go and have a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking. I can only speak words of praise for the bicycle, for I believe that its use is commonly beneficial and not at all detrimental to health, except in the matter of beginners who overdo it."



Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

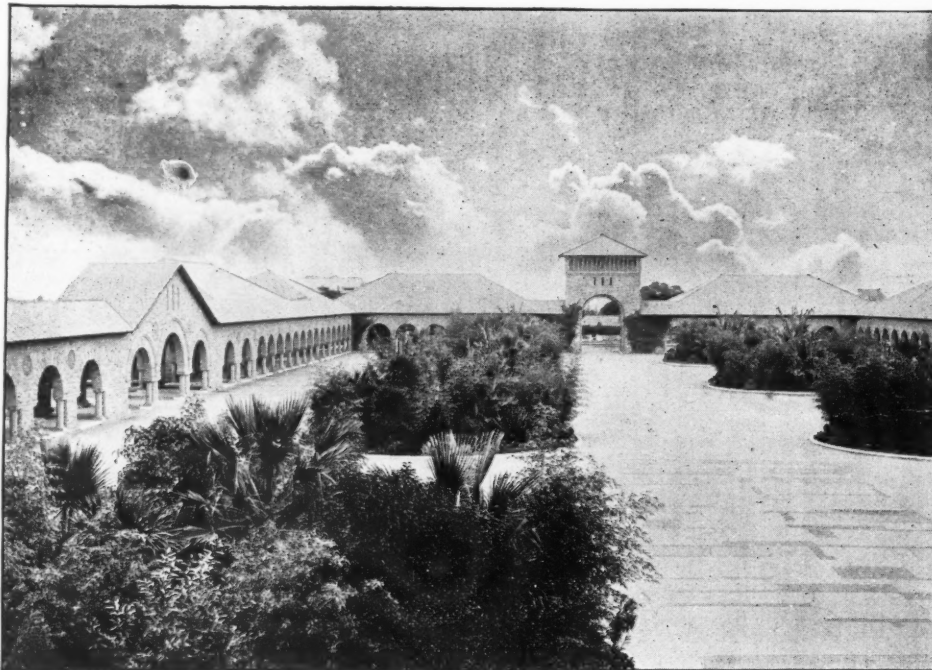
**WHEELING IN FLORIDA.**

OUR experience in bicycling is rather limited, but not so is the pleasure we derived from it during our three months' sojourn in that "Earthly Paradise," Daytona.

Having passed the fifty-year limit, we felt the desire to renew our youth, and we sought the wonder-working fountain where Ponce de Leon did, in the balmy groves of Florida, but, more fortunate than he, we went on our quest on "a bicycle built for two." Thanks rather to our vehicle than to the region where we looked, we found, if not the real thing, at least a substitute.

Here, where even in midwinter the air is like our Northern May, every body rides all the time. Charming people we met, from almost every State in the Union, and all on wheels. Even the little darkies ride, on wheels that have passed through many hands before they reached the level of their present owners' purses.

I should like to describe one of our spins through the streets of this lovely town and in the surrounding country over our shell roads, the per-



STANFORD UNIVERSITY—PALO ALTO.

LeClercq Eng.

with the stock farm. Here are six hundred horses kept, with all modern improvements, even to a kindergarten, a covered ring, where the little colts are daily taught. This is such a fascinating place that, I am told, many tourists have lost their trains, so absorbed have they become in watching the kindergarten. Here are horses for which Mrs. Stanford has refused \$150,000. One refuses to believe that electricity is soon to supplant these.

In the midst of this practical life in a new country one hardly expects to find that romance offers places of attraction for his silent steed, but we do find it in several places. Not a mile away from the stock farm we come to Frenchman's Lake where we hear the story of the Frenchman, who, some forty or fifty years ago, fled to this country to escape just punishment for crime. He owned all this region, built a beautiful cottage modelled after the Petit Trianon, put up a chapel, built the lake already referred to, and, most interesting of all, dug a tunnel into the mountains which was to be his refuge, should the French government learn of his whereabouts. This, alas, failed, for he was discovered and taken away, leaving his property and his romantic story.

Remains of old adobe houses, Spanish names on the mile-posts and cross-roads, the Mexicans



## The Garden



WHEELING IN THE TROPICS.

fection of wheeling, but fear to trespass on your space. I send you a photo which will show, better than words can do, both the beauty of our tropical foliage, and the convenience of the cycle on which we travel through life side by side.

I wish I could also show you the beauty of our streets and residences surrounded by spacious yards in which roses and other rare flowers run riot, and noble trees, new to our eyes, grow to majestic size.

By all means spend a winter in Florida and spend it mostly on the wheel.

### OUR THANKS.

"Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you." We have been so rushed this month that we can express only in this brief note, to the kind friends who have favored us with contributions for this number of the SILENT WORKER, our hearty thanks. Most of them, we know, have regular duties which take up pretty nearly all their available time and strength, and their cheerful response to our perhaps rather presumptuous requests for help in getting out a paper which should be a credit to the deaf is a proof of their sincere interest in our work.

We take pride in the fact that the literary merit of this number is owing in great part, and its artistic merit is due almost entirely, to contributions from our deaf friends.

We wish also to acknowledge the support and assistance which our friends in Trenton who are interested in cycling have given to our undertaking.

We hope to have secured the approval and good-will of all our kind friends.

For many a spin,  
With spooning thrown in,  
Sweet Helen her cycle must  
thank;  
Yet sadly she thought:  
"What a change it has wrought,  
Since my 'hub' it has turned to a  
'crank!'"

THE editor tells me that this month he has scant room for flower lore or for literary allusions and that if I have anything to say about the garden it must be brief and to the point. But I can not let a number of the WORKER appear without some recognition of the claims of the floral world upon us.

I see that everybody now is introducing the Wehlsbach burners and they are a great convenience, no doubt, but I must warn you to keep the light away from your flowers, (or vice versa). Not long ago I was in the barber's, and as I always act on Napoleon's maxim that the only safe way to defend is to attack, I began an active conversation by saying: "Your palms look well now." "Yes," he said, "since we got rid of them Wehlsbach burners the plants does good. But they killed all our old palms and we had to get a new lot."

A few days afterwards I was at the Fanwood school, and noticing the ragged looks of a fine house plant, spoke of it to the Principal, who is a man thoroughly posted on everything within the twenty-four acres that enclose his institution. "Yes," he said, we had the Wehlsbach light here just two days and I saw it was killing all my plants, so, out it went."

Within a week after I met a "lady from Philadelphia," who complained that her choice houseplants had been killed by the same cause.

Everybody has a rubber tree, and a good many of us have plants that are beginning to be a little too tall for good looks. We should all like to have what you may see by calling at the New York Institution for the Deaf, namely, a rubber tree ten feet high or more, with a thick and perfectly symmetrical head like a young maple, and at the end of every twig a long red leaf-sheath just ready to open. To get such a result, make a cut into your tree, which I suppose is now five or six feet high, just below a joint. The cut should be about one-sixteenth inch deep, and should be about an inch long, upwards. Put in a wooden plug to keep the wound open, and wrap it around with the moss that florists use, making a bunch as large as your fist. Keep this constantly wet, and in two months a callus will have formed, and roots will have been thrown out,

filling the moss. Then cut the stem below the wound and set the top in a pot of earth, keeping it moist and shady until the new plant is well established. So you will have two plants for one. Now watch the old plant and you will see two shoots coming to replace the amputated top.

When they have reached a suitable length, pinch them in and you will get another doubling of branches. By keeping on you may get a thickly branched tree. It should be noted that this should be done only while the plant is in active growth.

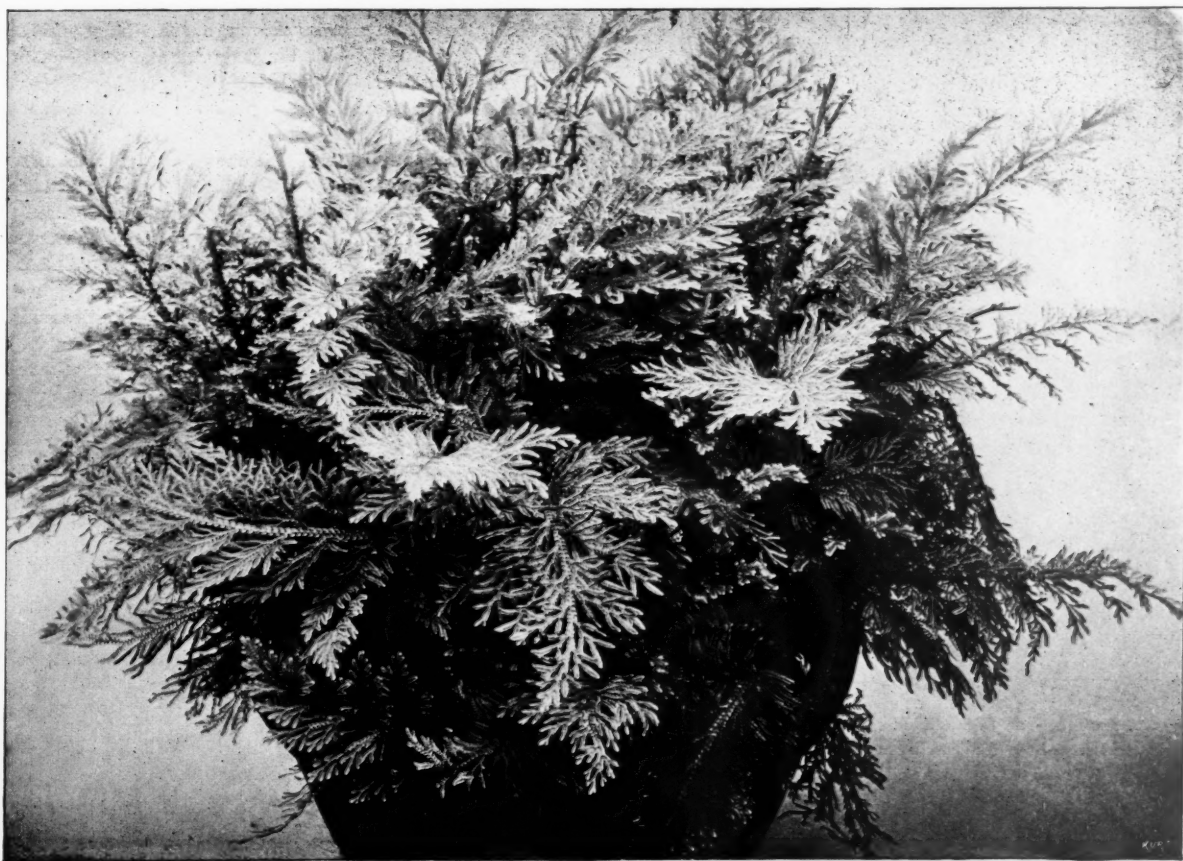
If you propose to have any new house-plants for next winter, don't forget that now is the time to buy them, and to set them out, plunging the pots up to the rim in the ground, and see that they have water, shade and sunlight as they need, to make vigorous growth. When the nights begin to grow cool in autumn, bring them into the covered piazza, and later into the house, giving them as much fresh air as possible until severe cold weather makes it impossible.

Of late years ferns have taken a high place in general esteem, which their delicacy of form and their fresh color well deserve. They, with a few exceptions, require shade, flourishing best in nooks where grass can hardly be persuaded to grow, and while they are not exacting as to soil, they like leaf-mould and rotted wood. They like moisture, but rather in the air and on their leaves than in a pool at their roots. The ostrich fern is one of the finest, growing in the shape of a Grecian urn to the height of four feet, and standing our winters without protection.

The seligenellas, one of which we show in our cut, kindly loaned by Messrs. Pitcher and Manda, are a family closely related to the true ferns, and are charming for cultivation in the conservatory.

There is a noble tree on the grounds of our school that is covered with sweet-scented purple flowers (it is in bloom as I write) in May. The leaves which follow the flowers, are heart-shaped and of immense size. Mr. Woodward, of our Board, told me that the name of the species is Paulownia imperialis; that it is a native of the East and was brought to France by the botanist attached to the army with which Napoleon invaded Egypt; that Joseph Bonaparte brought one to Bordentown, and that all the stock in this country was derived from that one tree.

AN AMATEUR.



A POT OF SELAGINELLAS.

# Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

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GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE SILENT WORKER, TRENTON, N. J.

## EDITORIALS.

We are pleased to mention the business address of Mr. Chas. J. LeClercq New York, Photo-engraving, and of Mr. Ranald Douglas, Livingston, N. J., Landscape photography. Both these gentlemen are deaf, and both in their respective lines are unexcelled for producing artistic and finely finished work.

The illustrations of this paper show that this statement is not exaggerated.

We had expected to give our readers for this month an article on bicycle racing by a very high authority on the subject, Mr. McCutchen, who held last year's inter-scholastic championship, and who is now a member of the Yale bicycle racing squad.

Unfortunately, Mr. McCutchen has been suffering from an affection of the eyes which has prevented him from using them for some weeks. He has very kindly promised, however, to contribute something on this subject to a future number of the SILENT WORKER.

"Is Sunday riding wrong?" Sundry moralists have undertaken to answer this question, for themselves and for others. Sunday races are contrary to the law, in most of our Eastern states at least. On the other hand, many people, clerical and lay, find the wheel the only practical way of going to church. That can hardly be wrong. For the rest, why not let every man's conscience settle the question for him, as we do about smoking, drinking wine, eating mince-pie, wearing a silk hat, and other points on which opinions differ?

Too many people still hold the opinion about the right of private judgment that Lowell hits off—that it means

"that light  
Has been granted to me for deciding on you;  
And in happier ages, ere atheism grew,  
The deed contained clauses for cooking you, too"

It is pleasing to notice the progress which is making in the journalism of our schools for the deaf. The papers are no longer regarded merely

as giving a cheap body for the type-setting apprentices to perform their experiments on, but as exponents of the school. The *Mentor*, for one, is one of the best educational periodicals we know of, and is, besides, a model in typography. The *Mirror* has always editorials which are well worth reading—specimens of direct, forcible thinking and writing. Then its children's page is a delight. We don't know who edits it, but we wish she were teaching a primary class in the New Jersey school instead. The *Bulletin* is filled with selections showing a fine taste and a sense of what, among the best things to read, you can get a child to read. The "*Little People*" is, in its own way, the perfection of a school paper.

"And what shall I say more; for the time would fail me to speak of" the other forty or so, all which have their own merits, and which are rendering valuable service to the cause of education.

We were compelled reluctantly to decline an invitation to a very interesting celebration on the 30th of last month—the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Augustus C. Thompson, D.D., at his home in Boston.

The reverend gentleman stills holds his six feet of stature with the same erectness and in the same grace of perfect proportions as in the prime of manhood, while his abundant hair is still only "a sable silvered", and his capacity both for serious study and for the lighter play of wit is unimpaired.

He has to look back upon a pastorate (still continuing) of fifty-five years, arduous service in missionary affairs for a generation, and literary activity for a still longer period. He is the author of "The Better Land" and other religious works which have had a wide circulation in this country and abroad, in which spiritual thought and devout aspiration are expressed in prose with the same depth of feeling and beauty of form which we find in the hymns of Faber. His two works on Moravian Missions and Protestant Missions are the most thorough studies on the subject in the English language.

How does such a life of sustained intellectual and spiritual effort illustrate the Biblical praise of Wisdom: "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor!" Riches, certainly in that "good name" without which one were "poor indeed."

It is nothing new for deaf-mutes to be successful in the fine arts; there have been successful and even eminent masters among them in painting, engraving, sculpture, but it is only within a few years that we have heard of architecture as a profession for the deaf. Mr. Harry E. Stevens, of Merchantville in this state, is a deaf gentleman who has studied this art and has made a very promising beginning as an independent designer, after having learned and practised all the details of the work as a subordinate in an office and as a supervising architect on the erection of buildings planned by others.

He has lately built for his home an attractive and convenient house which is a sufficient proof of his capacity to plan buildings well adapted to their purpose. Another recent piece of his work is the new school-house in Merchantville, which is equally successful. Mr. Stevens is a well known and prominent member of deaf-mutes society in Philadelphia, where his wife, formerly Miss Tessie Glenn, has always been a favorite. Mr. Stevens has, apparently every prospect of success and happiness in his home,

his profession and his social relations, and he certainly has our best wishes.

FOLLOWING hard upon the death of the venerable Thomas Arnold comes the loss of another eminent English educator of the deaf, Thomas Buxton, Ph.D., of Manchester, England. Dr. Buxton was a native of that city, but began his life-work as a teacher in the Old Kent Road Asylum, London. After ten years service there, in the course of which he rose to be head assistant teacher, or as we would call it, Vice-Principal, he left in 1851, being then thirty years old, to become the head of the Liverpool Institution, which position he filled for twenty-six years. In this capacity he was very successful as an educator and as an administrator, and moreover acquired more than a local reputation as a man of letters. He contributed, to periodicals of the highest standing, articles of a historical, scientific and theological character. He was the author of a little book entitled "The Queen's English," published in 1858, discussing certain nice points in the use of the English language with such ability as to hold his own with antagonists like Dean Alford and Richard Grant White. In 1878 he was appointed Secretary to the Training College at Ealing, but in 1889 he resigned to become Secretary of the Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Institute, and in 1892 he became Superintendent also. For many years Dr. Buxton has been recognized as one of the ablest men in the work of the education of the deaf, and although for some years his health has been delicate, he worked hard and effectively till the last. An attack of influenza in the early spring prostrated him, and death ensued on the 23d of April. He was highly honored and well-known by reputation on this side of the Atlantic, and he was honored by the National Deaf-Mute College with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, conferred in 1870.

For at least ten years past practical photographers and scientific men interested in photography have been working to discover a process by which the automatic and exact accuracy of the photograph could be used to secure in a sun-picture the colors of objects as well as their form and the gradations of light and shade. Several processes have been found by which some approach to this end could be reached, and at different times it has been stated that at last satisfactory results had been obtained, but when tested by practical men, it was always found that something essential was lacking.

Within the last year, however, Mr. Chassagne, of Paris, has, he believes, perfected a process by which he reaches almost absolutely correct results, and with as little expense and trouble as could be reasonably expected.

This Chassagné process, briefly and untechnically described, is about as follows: An ordinary gelatine plate is prepared by a thorough washing with a colorless liquid, the composition of which is a secret of the inventor. The photograph is taken on the plate and a print is taken on paper or glass which has been treated with the same solution. At this stage neither the plate nor the print can be distinguished from an ordinary photograph. Then the print is carefully washed with a blue liquid, applied a little at a time, followed by a similar application of a green and a red liquid. These liquids are the whole secret of the process, and with a little instruction any one who can make an ordinary photograph can get



excellent results in colors. The writer has lately had the pleasure of examining a large number of the Chassagne photographs, and of comparing, in some cases, the original subject with the pictures, and can testify that so far as this test could be applied, the rendering of colors, through the entire range from lightest blue to strongest red, was perfect. I was particularly struck with a view in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris., showing, across a narrow sheet of water, a mass of trees bordered by a walk, with a bridge of gray stone at the right. Every shade of green, from those bordering on a silvery gray to the brownish olives, was shown just as in nature. The portrait of a beautiful woman showed the delicate flesh-tints and the elusive reflections of the hair as only a master could have done in water colors, and the sparkle of the diamond crescent, the sheen of the yellow satin and filmy texture of the lace were rendered with equal faithfulness. Indeed, it is one of the wonders of this process that it gives the texture of fabrics and of furs with striking effect, and it has been suggested that a practical application of the process may be in selling costly goods by sample. At present, only one collection of these photographs is in this country, but the agents for North and South America, Messrs. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., expect to receive a supply of the goods in July and to place them on the market at once, so that before summer is over they will be a common sight everywhere. Messrs. Anthony have wisely and liberally refused all offers to raise the price by restricting the sale of the liquids, and these wonderful effects will be within the reach of every one who has a camera.

Full details can not be given at present, but it is thought that the extra cost, for a picture of cabinet size, will be not more than ten cents. At first it might seem that now the portrait painter and landscapist would find their occupation gone, but, while the new process will probably be an indispensable aid in securing more accurate studies of color than the brush can make, it will no doubt be found that, as in all mechanical processes, when compared with the best work of the individual hand and soul—to use Sir Joshua's phrase: "Hang it, sir, it wants *that*" (with a snap of his finger).

As Remington's pictures of horses at speed would be impossible without the lessons of the instantaneous photograph, so we may look for truer rendering of the shifting color effects of the sunset and of the play of light on the waves by the aid of the color photograph.

THE accompanying cut will give some idea both of the strength of the materials and of the skilled workmanship that go to the construction of a modern high-grade bicycle. The wheel used was an "Eclipse" not a special wheel but one taken at random from the stock.



The reader who has any notion whatever of mechanics will see at once that when a structure like a bicycle, weighing less than twenty-five pounds and with a support of only a few slender wires held together by a thin wooden rim, is called on to support a weight of more than a ton, the strain must be applied with mathematical accuracy, or the machine must be reduced to a

confused heap of matchwood and tangled iron thread. The adjustment of the wheel and its supports and the distribution of the weight were calculated by an engineer, and the work of adjustment was done by the best mechanics, with such accuracy as our common rules with their fractions of an inch, will not show. It had to be exact to a millimeter. These precautions being taken, the wheel stood the test and came out without a spoke being started or any part being injured in the slightest degree.

ONE of the questions which perplexes the intending purchaser of a bicycle (unless he is one of the lucky few who "have money to burn") is how much to pay for it.

Is \$100 too much to pay? Can you get a perfectly good wheel for less money? In reply, we believe it is safe to say that in buying any of the leading makes which are listed at \$100 you may feel sure that you are getting a safe, durable and generally satisfactory wheel. It is equally safe to say that there is no wheel which is much better than any other high grade wheel, while each one has its own points of excellence. Whether the top price is exorbitant depends on just what you mean by that word. Plenty of people are found willing to pay the price, and they are generally satisfied that they get their money's worth. It is certain that any of these wheels could be made and sold at a fair profit for half of the list price. In fact, wheels which are just as strong just as durable, just as light and just as easy-running are regularly sold for prices from fifty to eighty dollars.

The difference represents partly some exclusive feature of minor importance, partly fashion, partly an expensive way of doing business and only in part extraordinary profit.

But, if you pay less than \$100, be sure and buy only from a maker who is known to be fully worthy of trust, and on a full guarantee.

The guarantee should include tool steel bearings, no castings flush joints. With these points assured, either by a careful examination by an expert or by the guarantee of a responsible maker, your purchase, even at fifty dollars, will give you every thing of real importance in a wheel.

"Why should I belong to the L. A. W.?" Well, in the first place, because you owe it to your standing as a respectable cyclist. Whether you are a teacher or a doctor or an artisan, you have your Association of your Union, and as a worthy member of your craft, you feel that you ought, out of self-respect, to belong to it.

In the second place, by joining the league you are able to make your wishes as a cyclist respected and to work with effect for what you need, whether it be good roads or rights on the road, or to have your wheel carried as baggage.

In the third place, because you get a big return, in things having a direct cash value, for your small initiation fee and yearly dues. The road-book and the *Bulletin* are worth double the annual dollar, and the fact that if imposed on in your cycling rights you have a powerful organization ready to defend you is an insurance that a stock company taking the same risk would charge you something for. Under the same head come the reduced rates at League hotels, and at the authorized League outfitters.

Lastly, because you will find in the feelings of good-fellowship and mutual helpfulness which prevail among League members a pleasing change from the unceasing strife to get the better of

others which characterizes the ways of work-a-day life. Wherefore—Join the League.

On Thursday, May 6th, the State Board of Education paid a visit to the two schools immediately under their charge—the Normal and Model, and the School for Deaf-Mutes.

They were accompanied by the Secretary of State, of New Jersey, Hon. George Wurts, and by the State Treasurer, Hon. George Swain.

Dr. Crouter, Superintendent of the deaf-mute school at Mount Airy, was also one of the party, by special invitation.

The morning was spent at the Normal School, and the visitors, after inspection of the work done under the direction of Dr. James M. Green, the Principal, were ready to credit the remark recently made by one well qualified to judge, that there are three schools of this class in the United States which stand in advance of all others, and that one of the three is the New Jersey State Normal School.

An elaborate and excellently cooked and served dinner was given in the dining room of the Normal Boarding Hall, after which the members strolled over to the Deaf-mute school. The several departments of the school, literary and industrial, were visited, and much gratification was expressed at the appearance and proficiency of the pupils. The classes in speech, and especially the little tots, attracted, perhaps, the most notice. The work in the printing-office drew the attention of Mr. Wurts, who is himself the editor of a daily paper, and he kindly promised to put the *SILENT WORKER* on his exchange list. The wood-work, and in fact, all the handicrafts, attracted close and favorable notice. We hope that this is only the first of a series of such visits by the Board.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Josh. Lindley, our "only" professional rider, on Sunday the 2d inst., rode nine miles on the Princeton pike paced by a tandem, in the remarkable time of 23 minutes. It is true that he had a fresh breeze at his back, but, even with allowance made for this circumstance, this performance shows a form that ought to enable him to take a high stand among the racing cracks.

Among our promising amateurs are the following named young gentlemen who mean to compete in the circuit this season, and who, we hope and expect, will get their share of glory and of mugs; Messrs. Alfred Barlow, Ed. Stout, J. Toman and J. Cologan.

Lovers of sport will be glad to know that Trenton has secured a meet for August 5th, at the Inter-State Fair Grounds, and as the great event of the year, the meet at Philadelphia, is just a week later, all the kings of the track will take this in. The track is noted as a fast one and has unsurpassed grand-stand accommodations, while its situation, midway between New York and Philadelphia makes it a convenient gathering-place for a crowd.

The Holbrook road-race, on the 2d inst., will open the racing season, practically, and will have among its entries our Trenton riders, both in the amateur and in the professional events.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Michaels, Cooper, Bald, Mayo and Zimmerman are all training at Savannah, Ga., in preparation the season's work. Several other cracks are for training at Louisville, Ky.

Ziegler, who has been barred from riding in America, for having taken part in Sunday races, has gone to France and will compete on the Continental tracks.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

### REMINISCENCES OF A WHEELMAN.

BY T. G. COOK.

ONE pleasant afternoon in June of last summer, while sitting upon our front piazza overlooking the Hudson river, talking of wheels and wheeling, Curtis suddenly turned to me and said, "Say, Van, do you think we could ride 300 miles in one week making daily trips and riding easily." I replied, "Why certainly; in less time." He did not agree with me, so after considerable discussion we agreed to try it, the understanding being we were to ride for pleasure only. And the first one guilty of scorching was to be assessed the entire expenses for that particular day. Our first day's ride was to Coney Island and return, that ever popular resort of New York city wheelmen. It is a most delightful ride, across the Ferry up Bedford Ave. to Prospect Park through the entire length of the Park to the cycle path, thence to the Island. After dinner we saw the sights of the Bowery, and strolled along the beach for a while to allow Curtis a chance with his camera. Oh, I forgot to say Curt was riding a new wheel which he claimed would stand anything. Well, it did, (except himself) for, as I said, we had just swung into the saddle when I heard a crash and looked around to see Curt dismount *rather suddenly*. His frame had broken close to the head and was beyond temporary repair. Well, if you will pardon me I will draw the curtain upon the dialogue of complimentary remarks, and different languages spoken in our efforts to do the makers of that wheel justice. Deciding to return by boat, we found we had just forty-three cents between us, having expended our spare cash in doing the Island. As the fare for a single person and wheel was forty-five cents, we were in a dilemma, when Curt opportunely discovered a bill in an inside pocket and we were saved. It is a very pleasant ride up the bay usually, but on this particular trip we did not enjoy it very much. Arriving at Pier 1 we immediately called upon the manufacturers of that wheel. They, of course with many apologies, gave Curtis a new one and we finished our first day's trip arriving at the school at 7:30 P.M., having ridden fifty-three miles.

The second day's journey was to Nyack and Tarrytown and return. We crossed at Fort Lee and went by way of Englewood, Closter, Haverstraw, Nyack, Tarrytown, Irvington, Hastings, Yonkers, etc. This is a very pretty ride, fine scenery and good roads, with the exception of a stretch of twelve miles side-path riding just this side of Nyack. Here the roads are of heavy sand and running so close to the side path cause one to keep a sharp eye upon his wheel. Both Curt and myself received a fall while riding at this point. He received the first in trying to ride across a narrow plank crossing a small ditch. Sad to relate he missed connections with the plank, and he and the ditch became fast friends. After he had enjoyed a sort of soliloquy by himself, as it were, we continued our journey. I laughed for the next two miles. But the time worn adage, "He who laughs last, laughs best," proved its wisdom in this instance. Seeing a vision of loveliness approaching, which, upon coming closer, proved to be a country maiden driving several cows, Curt, of course, was all politeness, I not be outdone was putting forth my best efforts when those cows suddenly conceived a liking for the side-path. And in trying to navigate among them and at the same time not relax my efforts to be polite, I became careless and immediately, politeness, dignity, and myself went over the handle bars, escaping however with a few scratches. These were our only mishaps that day. Reaching Nyack we crossed the Tappan Zee, (the river being three miles wide at this point) to Tarrytown, thence homeward, arriving at the school at an early hour having ridden fifty-eight miles.

The third day we went to Fort Schuyler on Long Island Sound. After getting lost several times we finally reached our destination. We inspected the grounds, went through the barracks, etc. And then after enjoying a most delightful swim in the blue waters of the Sound, started on our return home. Having reached the conclusion that we were decidedly hungry, we

pedalled along until we discovered a hotel by the road-side and seeing the sign: "refreshments of all kinds," we dismounted filled with thoughts of a good meal. Well, it was lucky for us we were partially filled with the thoughts of something to eat, otherwise we would have succumbed to the pangs of hunger on our way home. All we could secure to eat in that hotel (?) was a glass of milk and some crackers. Sandwiches? They had just disposed of the last one,—and pie, (the wheelman's friend)—the proprietor said the wagon came around only once a week. So coming to the conclusion we had stopped at a Raines' Law Hotel we continued our journey, reaching the school in rather a dejected state of mind (and stomach). Notwithstanding this drawback, the trip was one of our most enjoyable ones of the week. The roads being of macadam and shale throughout made excellent wheeling and the surrounding country was most pleasant to look upon. Distance covered was forty-five miles.

Having selected Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, for the fourth day's trip, we left the school at 7:30, crossed to Fort Lee, and went by way of Hackensack, Newark, Morristown, Dover, Fort Orme, Mount Arlington, direct to the lake. We reached Morristown at 11 A.M., distance thirty-eight miles, having ridden leisurely. After dinner we started again at 1 P.M. Then our troubles seemed to begin. I had previously started the mishaps by trying to spread eagle one of those clean streets that Newark is noted for. We had ridden but a short distance when Curtis most uncereemoniously deserted his saddle for the middle of the road; and I assure you we had drunk nothing but milk and coffee with our dinner. But then, of course, the Jersey milk is so much stronger than we secure in the city. Curtis was not



THE BREAKERS.

injured by his fall, so we continued. We seemed unable to keep upon the right road. Thinking we had at last found the right one, we were bowling along at a merry gait, when I discovered a rural citizen approaching. I politely asked him if we were on the right road to the lake, and he replied in that slow deliberate way: "Wal, No, young feller, you bean't. You should have taken the left fork back thar by Squire Myrtle's." And as this was only five miles, we, of course, said nothing. Not a word but travelled back to that cross-road. We shortly came to a road called Long Hill, winding around and around a small mountain to the summit. It is an appropriate name for it was a long hill indeed. Upon reaching the top we found it descended very sharply for a good mile. Nothing daunted we decided to ride down, for a wheelman will never walk where he can possibly ride. He will wear out a front tire and sole of his shoe in preference. It was a glorious and exciting ride, and we descended at record breaking speed. I assure you I had just reached the foot of the hill when Curtis coming directly behind me, slipped a pedal and shouting, "Look out Van, I'm a coming." I turned just in time to see him coming about ten feet ahead of his wheel. He received a terrific fall, but fortunately was not injured. So after patching up his several bruises, etc., we continued our journey and eventually reached the lake at 4:30, the cyclometer showing we had covered seventy-seven miles. We had been under cover but a short while, when the rain began to fall heavily. As it continued to rain the next day we rested, and took things easy. The



A FAMILIAR SCENE AT CONEY.

following day although it was still raining we started for home. Riding was far from being pleasant; the roads were naturally very muddy and heavy. Starting out at 7:30 in the morning, after a hard and disagreeable day's ride we reached the school at 6 P.M., two of the worst looking objects you would care to see and our wheels were beyond recognition. Coming home by a direct route we travelled sixty-eight miles. This completed one week's journey, making a total of 301 miles in five days' actual riding. In bringing these few thoughts and memories to a close of what was to me the most enjoyable week ever spent upon a wheel I would suggest a few words of advice to the vast army and adherents of the silent steed.

Bicycling in a modified form and riding for the pleasure and beneficial results attained thereby is one of the finest exercises a person can enjoy. Be sure, above all to secure a suitable wheel, have it properly adjusted and ride for the healthful enjoyment rather than for the mileage records so many are striving for, thereby ruining and straining their nervous and physical system beyond reparation, and then wheeling will be looked upon with favor by one and all, as the proper exercise for a person in any station of life to enjoy.

### An Epicycle, the Invention of a Deaf-Mute.

W. S. Smith, a deaf-mute, who at one time was principal of the deaf-mute school at Salem, is a fertile genius, who drives a thriving trade inventing gopher traps, patent churns, dishwashers and the like. Three years ago Mr. Smith patented a gopher trap, the right to which he sold in Kansas at a good figure. When last heard from, it had not succeeded in exterminating the gophers of the populistic state, though it is thought the next census will show a vast decrease in their numbers. Mr. Smith is now about to engage in the manufacture of what he calls Smith's epicycle, and has organized a company for that purpose, in which T. A. Garbade and A. H. Boscow are interested.

Mr. Smith's epicycle is a large wheel, eight feet in diameter, with a framework of rods, chains and sprockets adjusted to its inner circumference, wherein the rider is seated to apply the power. This framework is supposed to roll around inside the wheel, and the continual adjustment of the disturbed center of gravity by the force of gravitation, it is said, will impel the machine forward. Mr. Smith says it will make greater speed than the bicycle, and claims that it can be more easily controlled, and that it will be able to jump ditches and other obstructions at which an ordinary machine would balk. The steering, Mr. Smith says, is accomplished by a fork-like arrangement, that brings friction to bear upon either side of the wheel at the rider's will, thus giving control and also checking the tendency to fall.

Epicycles, according to Mr. Smith, are now in use in Germany, but he claims that his is a vast improvement upon the German machine. He invented his in England, and has had it patented for some time. The company will begin work on its first epicycle at the carriage factory at Seventeenth and Pettygrove streets.—Portland Oregonian.

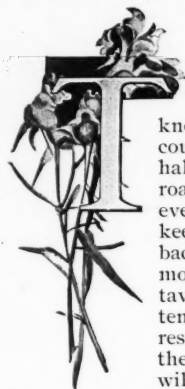


Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## RACYCLING.

## A Pen Picture of Picturesque Manhattan.

BY CHAS. J. LECLERCQ.



HE craze for the bicycle has resulted in a more intimate knowledge of the surrounding country than any one dreamed of half a dozen years ago, and the old road houses, which went out when every one except the rich gave up keeping horses, seem to be coming back again, and bid fair to be more plentiful than the rustic taverns ever were. There will be ten wheelmen to patronize such resorts for every carriage party in the old days, but these taverns will have to wrestle with the fact that the men who ride bicycles are not, as a class, "good spenders," and that the patronage for each individual will be light. The bicyclist must keep sober in order to get home, while the men who drove could often rely on their coachman or on the good sense of their horses, and the bicycle inn will do a business in "soft drinks," which would have made the old-fashioned publican turn up his nose in contempt.

A wheelman friend, just returned from Europe, threw himself wearily down on the fresh spring, grass on Claremont Bluff, that splendid promontory at the crown of Riverside Drive, upon which Gen. Grant's Monument is located. He lazily watched the scene before him—the blue, disappearing Hudson, the green cottage-dotted New York bank and the solemn dignity of the palisaded west bank—and he was rested; and he came to believe that Europe with all its kaleidoscope, had nothing more pleasing to offer.

Thus it is that there is much domestic and adjacent beauty which passes unnoticed. People who thoroughly "do" New York can only conclude that there is probably no other city in the country which offers such a variety of beauty. To the wheelman—that is, the touring wheelman, not the cycling boulevardier—it is scarcely necessary to recapitulate, but one may briefly refer to the quiet rurality of Staten Island, the gay whirl of Manhattan, the quiet enjoyment of Brighton, the maelstromic dissipation of Coney Island, the beautiful stretch down the Jersey coast, and the many beautiful spots in Jersey, all of them at the door of New York. Then there is the agricultural, but not uninteresting Long Island, with its long stretch of sidepaths and its occasional glimpses of ocean. Along the East River is another pleasing panorama of suburban life and landscape, while either bank of the Hudson is worthy of investigation. Thus in every direction one may tour or travel and be delighted.

One little spot which is known to many wheelmen, but which has no doubt been overlooked by many others, is Fort George.

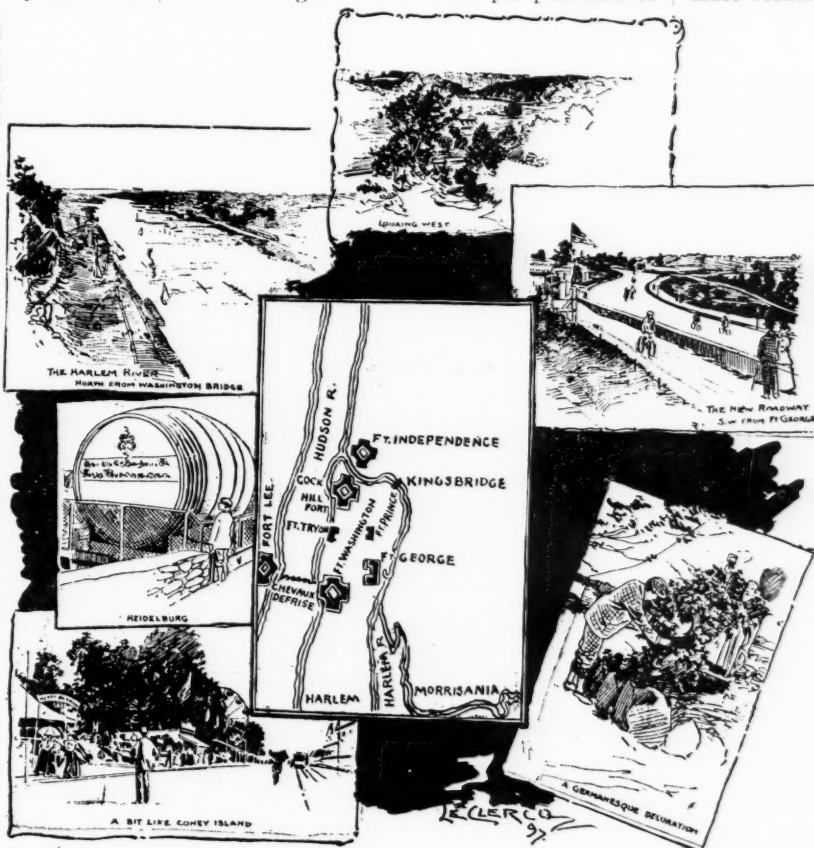
This little place has been more or less Coney Islandized and thus the judicious avoid it. They have visions of the merry-go-round, the frankfurter and the three-for-a-quarter photographer.

The Fort has considerable historic interest. The earliest maps—those of 1630—show that it was occupied by the tribe Muscotas. This tribe inhabited an enormous tract of territory. Later, in 1776, the place was called Morris Heights.

It was to this spot, in 1776 that Washington retired after the battle of Harlem Heights and his stay there during the autumn has left many war memorials. The cutting through of New Street and work on the Speedway has been a great boon to local relic hunters. Amateur as well as pro-

fessional archaeologists are hunting for Revolutionary buttons, bayonets, old buckles, spurs, flints, bob-hooks and the like. Although the buttons and other relics were once abundant, they are now not quite so easy to obtain, but the best place, at this writing, is on the site of the Hessian camp, situated about 500 yards from the base of Fort George and bordering on the Harlem river; said camp at one time contained more than two hundred tents. It is said that the Jagers, Hessians and Anspachis were in camp here. The finer classes of relics, such as officer's buttons, sword hilts, etc., have been dug up at a place that was supposed to be the Headquarters and which was probably about two hundred yards north of Dyckman Street on the westerly side of Prescott Avenue.

The real interest in this particular locality commences at Washington Bridge, which was commenced in 1886 and finished in 1889. It cost within a few hundred thousand dollars of three millions and is a structure of much architectural nobility, and a credit to its engineers and architects. Just beyond Washington Bridge, leaving the wayside, comes the hurdy gurdy part of Fort George. It is the usual paraphernalia of



cheap amusement, not altogether without interest, and it will bear even perhaps a bit of harmless participation. Passing beyond this one finds built over the bluff—for Fort George is a commanding strip overlooking the surrounding country—at least two hotels, on the verandas of which any one may loiter with considerable pleasure. At the foot of these buildings, a few hundred feet below, is the Speedway, still in embryo, then the shallow, uncertain Harlem river, and beyond that the glorious country of Westchester. Far off one can see the pale blue of the Long Island ridges, north are the Highlands, northwest is the cleft of Inwood, showing a stretch of the blue Hudson, confined by the tall, frowning Palisades. Immediately west is Fanwood and below is Fort Washington. On the Fanwood Heights, in a bold position are buildings of gray granite and Milwaukee brick, which are the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is almost impossible to over-elaborate the quietness and beauty of these scenes.

In the glare of midday it is perhaps too baky, but once the sun leans over towards the Palisades, no pleasanter spot can be found.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. James P. Burbank, formerly connected with the engraving and electrotyping establishment of Peters & Sons in Boston, has set up in business for himself under the firm name of "Burbank Engraving Co.," with offices at 983 Washington Street, Boston. Mr. Burbank is a former pupil of the Clark Institution at Northampton and was, since graduation, ten years with the supply house of Golding Co., Boston, which gave him an extensive acquaintance with the printers of New England. His embossing composition, an invention of his, is widely advertised in the trade journals for printers. He is an old wheelman, having joined the L. A. W. the first year it was started and was in the League parade in Central Park, N. Y., before it was opened to wheelmen, about fifteen years ago. We wish Mr. Burbank success in his enterprise.

## LAWS FOR WHEELMEN.

The last winter has shown the fact that wheelmen have come to be a power that the lawmakers must reckon with. The list of laws passed in different states, secured largely by the efforts of bicyclists, is quite a long one. There may be some danger that this influence may be lost if it is not used with care to avoid anything that is more than what is demanded by strict justice to the bicyclist and by the true interest of the community. Wheelmen should and do welcome reasonable regulation of riding and sharp punishment for riders who offend against the rights of pedestrians. But lawmakers and magistrates who single out wheelmen for persecution by laying special taxes or licenses on them, or by refusing to do them justice in the courts, can be made and ought to be made to learn that it is a frosty day for a politician when his name goes on the black list of the bicycle voters.

AFTER a great deal of hard fighting in many legislatures and some courts, the railroads have come to the conclusion that the bicycle of a bicycling passenger is a part of his baggage, and is to be treated as such. Our railroads are managed by brainy men who, like other business men, prefer to have their patrons pleased with their service, so we may expect to see ingenious devices for the storage in transit and safe handling of wheels put into speedy operation.

The rubber tree and bicycle plant are closely related.

## THE BICYCLE SADDLE.

If there is one impression which is more prevalent than another, it is that made by the bicycle saddle. Sad to say, it is almost universally unfavorable. Look in the advertising sections of the magazines and see what a succession of manufacturers and inventors offer to bicycle riders experiments that as yet they have not tried, in place of those they know. So long as hope continues to rally in the human breast and faith has power to rise above experience, a bicycle saddle unlike any in use must always be a lucrative invention. The truth is that the saddles are not so much amiss, but that when man was designed it was not anticipated that he would ever aspire to sit down and walk at the sametime, and he was not so put together as to make the simultaneous performance of these conflicting purposes more than imperfectly convenient. Practice makes perfect, however, and constant use makes wonderfully tough.—Life.

A GREAT many ladies insist that the drop-frame cycle is the proper one for them to ride, but there are many others of a different "frame" of mind.—L. A. Bulletin.

## THE 1897 BICYCLE.

## Some of The Improvements and Innovations for the Comfort of Riders.

THE bicycle season of 1897 opens with more enthusiasm and with a larger number of new recruits than have been seen in any previous year.

At the same time riders have become more critical as to their mounts, and the competition among makers has grown keener. Under these circumstances it was natural to expect great improvements in the '97 cycles over those of last year. On the contrary, it appears that comparatively few changes of much importance have been made—a fact that shows how near the limit of possible perfection the building of bicycles has been carried. The two weak spots in the cycle are the tire and the saddle.

In regard to the tire, it appears that any further improvement is barred by a law of nature. Of course what we want in a tire is, first, freedom from puncture, second, resiliency, and consequently, speed. The manufacturers can give us a tire as resilient and therefore as fast, as any one could ask, or, they can give us a tire that is practically puncture-proof. But the fast tire punctures if it touches a sharp stone or a splinter of wood, and the tough tire pushes hardly easier than an old-fashioned "bone-shaker." However, a daring concern in Philadelphia advertises a sort of third tire, to be placed between the inner tube and the shoe of a double tire, which, they claim, makes the tire proof against punctures without deadening it in the least. The various preparations of a liquid nature, to be injected into the tire to prevent leaks, which were quite in vogue last year, have, in general, been condemned by experience.

The question of single vs. double tires has not yet been settled, although most dealers say they are selling more of the former. The general verdict is that the best makes of single tires puncture less easily and are more quickly mended than the double ones. Besides, it often happens that an economical rider finds that a single tire which has served its term in that capacity can be fitted with an inner tube and last some time longer as a shoe. On the other hand, it is conceded that the double tire can be repaired more thoroughly than a single one and it generally holds air better. In saddles the variety offered this year is endless, but the perfect saddle has not yet appeared. The spring saddle post looked like a great thing to take away the jar of riding, but it proved a hindrance by interfering with the even application of power. The wooden handle bars which were introduced last year are finding much favor this year. The reason is not far to seek. The majority of male riders have settled on the best position for riding, which is with the body bent forward moderately from the hips, resting a good share of the weight on the handles. This position gives more power than the bolt upright, and unlike the hump-backed, toad-on-shovel position of the scorcher, throws the shoulders back and the chest out. It calls on the arms for a good deal of support, and the wooden bar, which takes up much of the vibration, is a decided help. The same facts account for the popularity of the rams-horn handle shape which is a compromise between the upright and the drop.

The dust-proof bearings, advertised so favorably in last year's wheels have been made this year so that they do keep out the dust, and a similar device in use first, we believe, on the Victor, retains the balls while the bearing is being examined and cleaned. A feature of the progressive makes is the increased size of the balls, following the lead of the Newport, which had them last year. This makes the wheel run easier. The size of the sprockets is quite generally increased. No wide-awake maker now puts in a seven-toothed rear sprocket, and a twelve toothed one is standard in one of the best makes. Of course, in order to get a high gear, this needs a very large front sprocket; for instance, a gear of 70 calls for one with thirty teeth. But the advantages are undeniable. To prove this, fasten one end of a rope to a heavy weight, and, passing the rope around a smooth post the size of your wrist, pull the weight toward you. Then repeat the experiment, varying it by using a post as large as your body, and see how much easier it

is. The strain on the chain, too, is much less with the large sprockets. The great innovation of the year, beyond a doubt, is embodied in the Racycle, and consists in applying the power directly in the plane of the bearings of the axle, and not as in other machines, outside of them and transmitting it by a shaft. The crank is forged in one piece with a cap which fits over the hub, by a patented device, and runs inside of the chain and sprockets. Every rider knows the advantage of a narrow tread. It enables one to push straight down and not sidewise. But, in the ordinary machine, this advantage is gained only by losing power in another way—by bringing the two bearings near each other. Measurement, in comparison with a wheel of approved make, proved that the racycle had a tread narrower by  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch, at the same time the bearings were  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch further apart. The makers are justified in claiming an increase of power, which they reckon at from 20 to 30 per cent over other wheels. This is an unspeakable advantage in hilly districts, and the power is no less useful in back-peddalling down hill than in climbing. It seems likely that all manufacturers will have to adopt this arrangement and that the Racycle Co. will have to allow their patent to be used on payment of a royalty.

## THE TRENT AND THE CARRIER.

The Trent, a high grade wheel, equal to any in its class, and the Carrier, a strong serviceable wheel at the popular price of fifty dollars, are built in Trenton, at the factory of Mr. Harry E. Stahl, on South Broad street. The Trent, besides its beauty of outlines, claims notice for the Trent hub, peculiar to this make, by which the bearings can be removed without taking the wheel apart. It is needless to say anything about the strength of this hundred dollar wheel, when the cheaper grade made by the same concern has been adopted by the mail carriers (whence its name) for their exceptionally trying service. Although both these wheels are in active demand, Mr. Stahl has been obliged to curtail his production in order to meet the call on his repairing department, which is the largest and the most completely equipped plant of the sort in the State. He does enamelling and all kinds of repair work. He keeps in stock tires of Trenton manufacture, by using which you avoid the tedious delay of sending a defective tire to Boston or Hartford to have the guarantee made good—not to mention the saving of express charges.

## ECLIPSE.

The Eclipse is specially notable for its wonderful strength, which is secured in the first place by a scientific adjustment of parts so as to distribute the strain justly, and also by the use in all the parts, of "50 carbon" steel, which is estimated to possess more than twice the strength of ordinary steel.

## BARNES.

The Barnes, well-known to all cycle fanciers under its pet name of "The White Flyer," is another high grade wheel which is popular in Trenton. It is the mount used by both the "world-beaters," "Eddie" Bald and "Tommy" Cooper.

## TRINITY.

The new Trinity wheel is perhaps entitled to be called the handsomest wheel on the market in proportions and in finish, topped off with a solid silver gilt name-plate. It has more substantial merits in its double-reinforced front forks, which render impossible breakage at what has been about the only weak point in the frame of a high-grade wheel. The sprockets have cycloidal teeth, giving a better hold on the chain and reducing friction. It has an adjustment for truing the hind wheel when one has been taken off for repairs, which renders it easy for any one to secure perfect accuracy—a task which with other wheels requires an expert mechanic.

## AMERICA.

The America manufactured by the America Company of Chicago, has as its main specialty the patent truss frame which combines strength, rigidity and lightness in a marked degree. As the crank bracket is supported at the two outside points of connection instead of at the center, by the forking of the seat-post, loss of power at the pedalling point is avoided.

## STERLING.

The "Sterling," too, has recognized the front forks as the weakest spot, which, according to

the builder of the wonderful one-hoss shay, "mus' stan' the strain," and, like him, they have wisely determined "to make that part as strong as the rest," which they have done by making the fork-crown and the reinforcement each in a single forging. The Trenton agent for this cycle says that he has had no wheel sent in with any part broken in his three years experience.

## LIBERTY.

The Liberty, which has an enviable reputation as a light-running and graceful wheel, presents as its chief points of interest, the contrivance by which the bearings are enclosed in a tube which can be removed without changing the adjustment; the detachable sprocket; the new and improved pattern of adjustable handle-bar, which must be seen to be appreciated, and the design of the frame, which unites grace and strength. The manufacturers have given in their adhesion to the detachable tires, on account of the ease and rapidity with which they can be repaired.

## ORIENT.

The Orient, another hundred dollar wheel, has a monopoly of the best running gear device on the market—the "pitch line chain." This device can hardly be explained without inspection, but the principle of it is that the chain, where it is in contact with the sprocket, is supported on projecting shoulders and on short posts alternating with the teeth, so that it is not allowed to grind on the hollows between the teeth but is held in place like a belt.

## FALCON.

The Falcon, a seventy-five dollar wheel, has an economical provision for the rider who means to keep to his wheel as long as it goes, and who foresees the expense of a new sprocket and new chain at the end of a year or two. Both these articles are made so that they can be reversed as soon as they have begun to wear, and so their life can be doubled.

## HOFFMAN AND NIAGARA.

The tubing of most good wheels now is strengthened by being swaged at the joints, but the Hoffman has gained the extreme of strength and of lightness by inserting in all its tubes a triangular reinforcement which strengthens even the thinnest tube by a perfect set of braces until it is practically unbreakable. The Niagara presents a crank-hanger in which the right hand piece is forged in one piece with the axle, so it can not work loose and rattle.

## CAMERA.

Bicycle and camera go together like hand and glove. If there are objects of interest or bits of lovely scenery within fifteen miles of you (and you live in a queer place if there are not) the camera supplies just the one thing lacking to make your rides the height of earthly enjoyment—that is, a definite object besides the mere exercise. On a tour you are certain to see many things that you would dearly like to have before you in a real picture to freshen your mental photograph of it. If you are not already "heeled" for such encounters, visit Messrs. Anthony's place of business, 591 Broadway, N. Y., and look over their immense and well selected stock of everything in this line. While you are there, ask to see their samples of the miraculous new color-photographs, described elsewhere in this number. Mention the SILENT WORKER and see how attentive they will be; or if you are in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., call on the Eastman Kodak Co., and ask them to show you their bicycle kodak; or if you are not within calling distance a postal will bring you their catalogue. Their address can be found in our advertising columns.

## CYCLOMETER.

By all means have your wheel fitted with one of the Trenton cyclometers, and thus not only patronize a home industry but get the best article on the market. The difference may not show at first, but they will outwear any other make and will not get out of order. As everybody is interested in racing now since the bicycle has eclipsed the trotter, you can get an accurate stop-watch from this company for \$12.50. By buying from this company you have the advantage of knowing that the goods are guaranteed by a responsible and fair-dealing concern.

The ordinary cyclometer has become a matter of course on every wheel, but the Flash Light and Cyclometer Co., of Tilton, N. H., have brought out one which is a decided novelty. As



shown in the cut, it registers to 10,000 and repeat, and keeps the thousand figure separate from the others. Not only this but it records separately the mileage of the trip, up to fifty miles. The figures are large enough to be read from the saddle, and the machine weighs only two ounces.

## TACHOMETER.

In bicycle attachments—other than those between riders of opposite sexes—one firm places on the market a "tachometer", a small instrument for determining at every moment the rate of speed in miles per hour. A bicycle watch is an almost indispensable part of a cyclist's outfit. It spares your expensive watch the jolting before your eyes all the time, and it enables you to measure your speed with tolerable accuracy.

The tendency to extreme lightness has been checked, and it is felt that for ordinary purposes 23 to 25 pounds is about the minimum of safety. The extra large tubing used in some machines, while no doubt strong enough to bear any strain from the rider's weight, is so thin as to be easily bent or pierced by a sudden blow from a sharp object.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## ME AND MY BIKE.

BY HARRIS TAYLOR.

OUR whole system of education is wrong. The teacher should rest during the session and teach during vacation. Then he could have his annual rest while drawing a salary and teach when he has n't a thing else to do. As it is, about the time I have learned the ways of my pupils, the nature of the knowledge they are capable of assimilating, the kind that gives them mental dyspepsia, or which they flatly refuse to take, some body tells me, "Only seventy-nine days till we go home!" Then tired nature rebels; my overworked brain demands surcease from labor; I read railway handbooks by the score; and finally decide to spend my summer at some place not mentioned in the "World" Almanac.

My unceasing, unrelenting search for rest and vigorous use of this rest when found, are too much for Taylor flesh and blood. The rest-seeking overwork impairs my health; I break down on the ninth of September—if school happens to open on that day.

Like cures like. A Diet of Worms was necessary to make Luther a fisher of men. We should teach during vacation so that we may be prepared to enjoy our time as it should be employed during the session,—and might be, if directors could see things in the proper light.

All I have written is profitable and entertaining; but, come to think of it, I was asked to write about cycling.

Last summer I overrested myself; and soon after school opened my health threatened to part with me, and leave a vacuum to be filled with pills, pellets, and other stuff that the doctor is so willing, for a consideration, to pour into an irascible patient. I never did like to become a receptacle for a druggist's surplus fluids, extracts, powders, and emulsions; so I had to think of some way of depriving these men who prey upon our frailties of even a jot or tittle of my salary. If I had my way I would force every doctor into the hands of a receiver, and compel every druggist to increase the area of his bargain counter—yes, more, I would make him give an oyster with every pill.

I don't know why I ever thought of a bicycle; but I did. May be, it was because Gruver did n't have one. At any rate, I did think of buying a wheel,—and asked advice on the subject. I was told I could not afford to buy one. This reflection on my financial standing stung me to the quick; I bought a wheel that very afternoon.

I made a serious mistake in learning to ride on my own wheel; never do that. Borrow, by all means. If you can't borrow, s—no, no, that would not do; I cannot afford to give such advice. The silent steed is an animal of wonderful reserve power; and I found it a brute possessed of a bad temper. I could not cinch the flank girth. The reins would slip from my hands; or the animal would take the bits in its teeth; and

climb a tree. It is a bowelless creature. Whenever I tried to kick it in the stomach I struck my foot against an iron rod. It would pitch in sinuous, worm-fence style, draw itself up in a bunch, come down stiff-legged, then rear up on its hind legs, and fall back upon me. Riding a wall-eyed, calico bronco is a symbolic kindergarten game compared with one's first efforts to become acquainted with a bicycle. The man who sold me the wheel explained the air-cushion nature of the tires, but forgot to tell me about the steel vertebrae. Nobody takes a flight in mid-air to light on the wheels; but that backbone!

Notwithstanding the idiosyncracies of my wheel, I soon learned to ride. Now I can even compute the gearing by consulting a table of logarithms. I gained sixteen pounds within a week after I began riding. This surplus ponderosity alarmed me for a time; but I soon remembered that my several bruises and swellings weighed about six pounds, and that my sweater, golf stockings, and other habiliments were as heavy as they were loud.

I advise the reader to buy a wheel, if not already the proud possessor of one. If you are in financial straits, buy a cheap one. There are plenty on the market just as good as the one hundred dollar kind. What's the use of throwing money away? If you are flush, by all means get the finest to be had. A cheap wheel can never be relied upon.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

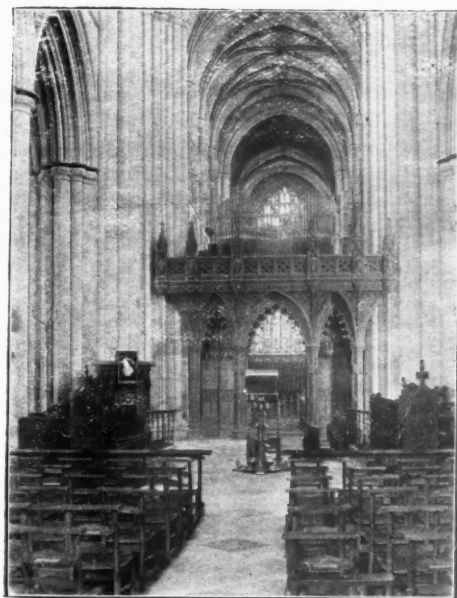
## GOOD ROADS.

Every wheelman is, as a matter of course, interested in good roads, but we think it is unfortunate for the interests of wheeling that the notion has become prevalent that the only good roads are the expensive stone roads. As a matter of fact, good gravel roads, such as we find in the vicinity of Freehold in this state, are, for the bicycle, better, if anything, than macadam. They are, when properly made, just as easy riding, and the material of which they are made, having no sharp edges like the broken stone used in macadam and telford roads, will not cut the tires. They are also less dusty in dry weather.



"I Want Good Roads."

Their only disadvantage is that when the frost is coming out of the ground, and occasionally after very long and heavy rains, they are likely to be soft. It is said, too, that for heavy teaming they are not as easy as the stone roads. Where the material is at hand, they are made at small expense, as compared with stone roads. We may often be able to persuade the authorities to build gravel roads where the expense of stone roads would be too heavy, and wheelmen should always be ready to accept them as "good roads." The same is true, and perhaps in a higher degree of the splendour of roadways of Asbury Park, which are covered with material (shell we believe) from the neighboring shore.



BEVERLEY MINSTER.

## ST. JOHN OF BEVERLEY'S HYMN.

BY H. BEALE (DEAF POET).

O LORD! who sighing, turned and said,  
To the deaf ear "Be opened;"  
Be present, and Thy blessing give,  
In Thee both deaf and hearing live.

And though our speech is dead to earth,  
Our thoughts are known above;  
Where spirits, kindred spirits meet,  
And love is met by love.

Our primal light from Thee is drawn;  
Thy touch aroused our good St. John,  
Who first beheld with pitying eye,  
Our ignorance and misery.

And lo! the flame he lighted rolls,  
It catches, kindles, kindred souls,  
Within the lands of Spain and France,  
New bearers bid the light advance.

Brighter and brighter glows the ray,  
Lit by the hands of de l'Epee;  
Sicard and Braidwood still bear on,  
The flame of Beverley's St. John.

Look once again, the scene has changed,  
More brilliant yet, the beams have ranged  
The stars and stripes are floating o'er  
The Deaf-mute's open College door.

High on the Mighty "Unions" prow,  
That Beacon light is blazing now,  
And ever bright and broader glows,  
The flame the blast of Freedom blows.

We seize the Torch, and onward bear,  
In Christ's Blest Name, receive our prayer,  
The Corner Stone on which we build,  
Almighty Father, bless our Guild!

The above hymn—with the exception of fourth verse—was sung in Beverley Minster on the occasion of the first annual Deaf-Mute Pilgrimage to that town, on the 9th of May, 1896. According to the *British Deaf Monthly* "the vacant niches in the west front and tower of Beverley Minster are to be filled with a number of statues of figures of note in the history and legend of Beverley."

The officials of the Guild of St. John have been approached with the object of securing the withdrawal from this powerful organization to purchase a statue of St. John of Beverley, which will have the second place of honor."

Mr. Brewster R. Allabough, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, started on an article for the Bicycle Number, but writes he was unable to finish it for want of time. He is an enthusiastic cyclist and says he knows of no better mode of exercise for the deaf than cycling. Since he took to the wheel a number of years ago, he has made many long trips. The longest trip he made this month was one of 77 1/4 miles to Butler and back over hilly roads, which he enjoyed very much. He will make a trip to New York in July.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## WASHINGTON CROSSING.

ON the east bank of the Delaware River, about nine miles above Trenton, is the village of Titusville. Here a long wooden bridge resting on stone piers spans the river and connects the Pennsylvania and New Jersey shores. A short distance above the bridge, close by the river, stands a quadrangular monument about five feet high bearing this inscription:

NEAR THIS SPOT  
WASHINGTON CROSSED THE  
RIVER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT,  
1776.

It was a bitter night, dark and dismal with snow and hail, but Colonel Glover's regiment of Marblehead fishermen ferried the whole force over the river, consisting of about two thousand four hundred men with horses and artillery. Once over the river there was no retreating. The pass-word of the day was "Victory or Death" and the farmer-soldiers were resolved to win or die with powder and ball if possible, or with bayonet and clubbed musket, if necessary. Washington was in need of guides, men familiar with the roads to Trenton, and these he readily found. Concerning one of these guides an interesting story is told: A Hessian officer, one day taking a stroll on horseback along the river on the Jersey shore near Titusville, came upon a young man and woman who, he saw at a glance, were lovers. He began to make fun of them and ended by demanding a kiss. The young man was unarmed, but his spirit could not brook such an insult to the girl he loved and he would have pulled the officer from his horse. The young woman coming between them was so badly hurt that she died shortly afterwards. The young man, a soldier in the American Army, made a vow that he would kill that officer whenever they met again, in revenge for the insult and the death of the young lady. That officer was Colonel Rall and it was a bullet from the young man's musket that killed him in the battle of Trenton.

Nearly every one who owns a wheel and lives within convenient distance of this historic spot has visited it.

Brown Jones and Robinson, though living in Trenton had never been there, and as each possessed a wheel, they decided to make the trip. It was understood that the road was good. So they started. Brown was not much of a rider though he had been practicing for nigh unto two hundred years, it seemed to him. Jones and Robinson were good riders, in their own estimation at least. Jones's theory of riding was to sit bolt upright so that a perpendicular line dropped from the tip of his nose would pass directly through the crank axle. Robinson, on the other hand, preferred to ride with his nose directly over the center of the handle bar and about eight inches therefrom. Well, as has been said, they set out. At least Jones and Robinson did. After wrestling with his wheel for about five minutes, Brown, too, got in the saddle and started. On the way Jones and Robinson turned a corner and coasted down a by street. Brown followed and was promptly pitched into the gutter, but suffered no damage. The first four or five miles were mostly over smooth macadam roads and the riding was pleasant. Then came what seemed to be a dozen miles of sand up hill and down, with only a narrow path at the side, so narrow indeed that Brown could not keep his wheel in it and after many unsuccessful attempts preferred to walk, hoping against hope to strike a good road farther on, but all in vain. He actually footed the three or four miles trundling his wheel, while Jones and Robinson rode ahead and sat down and waited for him, for there was no give up in Brown and having started on the trip he meant to finish it, and he did. Arrived at the crossing they rested and regaled themselves with three immense sandwiches and three bottles of ginger ale from the country hotel there, which, by the way, was not standing in Washington's time. The sandwiches, however, were probably left over from the Revolutionary period.

The return trip was made in much less time, as another route was followed, but it took them the

entire day to make nine miles and return according to the guide posts, which Brown still thinks are a delusion and a fraud.

BROWN.

Contributed for the Bicycle Number.

## A CENTURY RUN.

BY G. S. P.

"COME, let's take a century run to Ocean Grove," said a friend to me last summer as we were talking over some prospective trips.

"What, a hundred miles in one day! Such a ridiculous idea had never entered my head."

"Yes, a hundred miles," he continued, "and this is how we will do it. We will start at four o'clock in the cool of the morning and reach the shore by the time the inhabitants of the 'Holy City by the Sea' have finished their morning meal."

The speaker was Cecil, a trained athlete and expert wheelman, a good natured young man full of sport and adventure.

I had just discarded a 50-lb antiquated wheel for the latest creation in steel and pneumatics—a 23-lb Liberty, "America's representative wheel," as the manufacturers style it. The difference in propelling power, the thoughts of new scenes, new experiences and finally a plunge in the breakers at the half hundred mile turning point, presented themselves too forcibly to resist the temptation, so I said: "I will go."

The word was said. All my preconceived notions against long distance riding were overcome. Arrangements were soon perfected; July 4th was the date selected and a "centurion" was to accompany us as pacemaker and guide.

I had some doubts as to my staying powers, so I went into training at once, commencing with short trips of seven to ten miles and increasing them to twenty and thirty at a stretch. Any stiffness in my limbs which might occur during training was counteracted by a generous application of witch hazel, so that when the time actually arrived, I felt equal to the task.

It was about 4.30 in the morning when we met on the corner of Greenwood avenue and Chambers street, Trenton. We were all in the best of spirits, and as we mounted our wheels the Centurion and Cecil emptied the contents of their revolvers in honor of the day and we were off.

It was now about day-break; the grey mists of morning began to rise from yonder fields, and there was something in the air which made us feel like pushing the pedals harder, but this was unnecessary as the pedals would respond to the slightest touch.

The Centurion possessed a wonderful degree of



ROLLING UP THE MILES.

agility as well as control over his wheel, and he amused us, without breaking the pace, by reading a daily paper fresh from the *True American* office, turning and folding it and lighting his cigarette with as much ease and unconcern as if he were sitting in an easy chair, without resting his hands on the handle bars for a full mile.

On we glided over the smooth macadam road which reaches out to the Fair Grounds, and then

we followed a well beaten side path up by Sandtown, through Hamilton Square on toward Windsor with its picturesque little lake.

The sun now began to peep through a cornfield evidently surprised at finding us out at that hour, and the chilly air of morning began to give way to his powerful rays, which we began to feel. Our heavy sweaters we strapped to the handle-bars, leaving thin jerseys which were a luxury on this occasion.

Stops were made at Windsor and again at Hightstown, where we hunted up a restaurant which we found closed. A few pistol shots brought the proprietor's head out of his bed-room window and when our wants were made known he proceeded to dress and get breakfast for us, which consisted of sandwiches and milk. It was then about six o'clock, fourteen miles having been covered. Swinging into our saddles again we headed for Freehold, fourteen miles distant, where we dismounted, refreshed ourselves with ginger ale and enjoyed some Fourth-of-July celebrations by the "small boy." It was about 7.30 when we left this pretty little town, feeling as fresh as when we started. A number of cyclists joined us here, including some ladies. The road from here, though not macadam, is smooth and good and the hills between Colts Neck and Eatontown are a perfect delight. All we had to do was to push our wheels up one gentle hill and coast down in quick succession until Eatontown was reached. On consulting our cyclometers we found to our surprise that only a few miles remained to complete the entire distance, which was corroborated by the mile-post which read:



It was only 8.30 and the remaining seven miles were made in 30 minutes more, over some sandy roads.

The odor of pine trees and cool breezes from the ocean as we entered Asbury and turned up Seventh Avenue, seemed to add to our spirits. Here we followed the brick bicycle path so considerably provided by Founder Bradley for the convenience of cyclists who desire a glimpse of the ocean front while they are riding, and in another minute we were in Ocean Grove.

After leaving our wheels at the cottage where some nineteen pupils of the New Jersey School for the Deaf were spending the summer, we set out for the bathing grounds and lost no time in exchanging our riding costume for bathing suits, and for the next three hours we divided the time between dips in the surf and rolling about on the hot bed of sand free to every body. The salt water seemed to put us in fine condition for the return trip, which we began at 3 P.M., after partaking of a hearty dinner and leaving the children a generous supply of firecrackers for taking care of and cleaning up our wheels, which, by the way, were very dirty.

On the return trip, the brick bicycle path at Asbury was impassable, on account of the celebration that day of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Asbury Park. It would seem incredible that such a magnificent place, with a population in summer of 50,000 souls, could have sprung into existence in such a short time, and yet such is the fact nevertheless.

On the return trip we got on the wrong road after passing Hightstown, something which happens to nearly every wheelman as he goes over the route for the first time. It was a very bad road, too, full of sand, without even a side path, and we lost nearly an hour before we found the main road again, so by the time we dismounted at Hamilton Square it was pitch dark. The only one in the party who carried a lantern was Cecil. This he lit and led the way, while I brought up in the rear. Guided by this little red light I



managed to creep along in the middle of the road in silence, for every thing seemed muffled. The sensation I experienced was indescribable. My eyes bulged out in their hopeless eagerness to see the two moving forms of my companions. There was the dreaded approach of other vehicles, which could not be heard or seen and then there was the bare possibility of Mr. Centurion taking a tumble and I should crash into him and his wheel, as he was directly in front of me. It is a wonder, how I kept my equilibrium, but finally we reached home in safety and separated after declaring we had one of the most enjoyable out- ing days of our life.

As to exhaustion. There was none to speak of and my companions were contemplating a trip to Bordentown that same night. This is likely due to the good judgment in the use of refreshments and the average rate of speed per hour and the frequent stops.

#### KING TOMMY'S RISE AND FALL.

Tommy was ruled by his father and mother, Tommy was bossed by his older brother.

Tommy was tyrannized over each hour By a very small maid with the face of a flower,

But one day Tommy was given a wheel And he felt like a king on a throne of steel.

Now a sudden rise from a serf to a king Has always proven a dangerous thing.

The people who come into power too quick Go up like a rocket and down like a stick.

King Tom, before the first day was done, Was Emperor, Sultan, and Czar in one.

He owned the pavements, he owned the street, He ran the officers off their beat.

He frightened the coachmen out of their wits As he scorched right under their horses' bits.

Pedestrians fled when they saw him approach, He caused disaster to carriage and coach.

For he never turned out and his pace never slowed; His bell was a signal to clear the road;

And I would not repeat, indeed, not I, What the truckman said when his bike went by.

King Tom only winked in their eyes with a grin, Proud of his power to make them sin.

And bolder and bolder each day he grew, And faster and faster his bicycle flew;

And he was certain he owned the earth And all that was on it from girth to girth.

And he always got off without hurt or scratch, 'Till all of a sudden he met his match.

Reigning one time in his usual splendor, He came face to face with a Cable's fender.

He rang his bell for the right of way, But a biker may ring till his hair turns gray,

And a Cable Car or its Cousin Trolley Will pay no heed to that sort of folly.

All that King Tom recalls of that day, Was riding into the milky way,

Where he saw all the stars in the heavens. Well, There isn't much more of his reign to tell.

He gave his wheel to his brother Bill And walks on two crutches and always will.

And he says as he looks at his wooden leg, "I went up like a rocket and down like a peg."  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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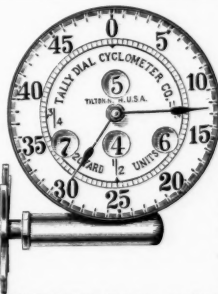
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### FROM THE "DAILY BULLETIN."

A Little Paper Printed for The Pupils of the New Jersey School.

Thursday, April 15.

A box of flower-plants came to the school to-day. They will be planted to-day. They will bear flowers this summer.

Yesterday afternoon the boys had a game of baseball. Mr. Abbott pitched for one side. Mr. Sharp played second base. Walter Jackson made a fine catch in centre field. I am surprised that such a little fellow can catch a long fly. He will make a dandy player when he is a big boy.

Friday, 16.

There will be no school this afternoon on account of its being Good Friday.

Mr. Porter got an article for the May SILENT WORKER from Mrs. Porter's sister who is in the University at Palo Alto, California. It is about bicycling in California and she sent a lovely picture to go with the article. Mr. Jenkins hopes to have an article from his brother in Italy about wheeling in that country.

Saturday, 17.

This morning Mr. Jenkins got a letter from Mrs. Jones who used to be the girls' supervisor here. She enclosed money for her subscription for the SILENT WORKER, and she sent her love to the girls. She is living in Chicago now.

Adolph Krokenberger used his half holiday to go a fishing. He is a faithful disciple of Izaak Walton. He caught an eel, a catfish and three roach. They averaged about six inches in length.

Yesterday there was no school after the first period. Mr. Jenkins lectured to the pupils in the chapel after recess. In the afternoon they played.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Jenkins took the girls to walk. They went to Spring Lake Park, and picked wild flowers. They found violets and spring beauties and squirrel corn. They picked several baskets full of them. They were pretty tired when they reached home.

Monday, 19.

School begins this morning at half past ten, so that the teachers and pupils who went home for Easter can get back in time for school.

Yesterday was Easter and all the churches were prettily decorated in honor of the day. The pupils who went to Christ Church each received a colored egg. Everybody had flowers for Easter.

The express wagons were kept busy on Saturday, bringing boxes for the children.

On Friday last, Mr. Jenkins met Mr. R. C. Stephenson at the railroad station. He had just come from his home at Cape May, and was on his way to Newport, R. I., where he will join the Newport professional team. He was very well, and looked as strong as a horse. He wished to be kindly remembered to the pupils and other friends at the school.

Thursday, 22.

Miss Conger's sister-in-law, Mrs. Ellison Conger, came quite unexpectedly to see her yesterday morning. Of course Miss Conger was delighted, and took her sister through the school.

Mr. L. B. Long, Mount Airy, visited the school on Tuesday. He can spell and understand signs very well. He was pleased with his visit and to-day he sent to Mr. Jenkins a book called "How?" with this inscription: "A souvenir of a most pleasant visit to the Trenton Institution, April 20th, 1897." Mr. Jenkins wrote, thanking him, and has placed the book in the boys' library.

Our neighbor, Mr. John Wright, has been appointed receiver of the dry goods house of Grant & Co., which has recently failed. He will wind up the business.

The older pupils are much interested in the war between Greece and Turkey. It seems as if the Turks have gained an advantage over the Greeks. The pupils all sympathize with the Greeks.

Friday, 23.

Dr. Barwis is examining pupils every day, to find about their health. He has finished with the boys and he is now examining the girls. Most of the pupils have nothing the matter with them, but some are very delicate.

The boys are improving in keeping order when they march into school or to the shops. Some of the boys have been appointed officers by Mr. Sharp, and they help to keep good order. It looks nice to see them march like soldiers.

Saturday, 24.

This afternoon Miss Dey is going to take her pupils to Spring Lake Park, for an outing. They will have a good time.

Wednesday was Isaac Lowe's birthday. He was seven years old. His mother sent him five cents, for a birthday present.

Yesterday afterday Mrs. Keeler took her class out the last hour and let them play in the yard, under her eye. Every pupil in the class had perfect lessons every day this week.

Lately the boys have been taking an interest in marching and they present a fine appearance, like the boys at New York and at Mt. Airy. On this account, Mr. Sharp decided to let them play ball yesterday afternoon, as the weather was so lovely, instead of working in the gymnasium. They formed sides, captained by Krokenberger and Bessman respectively. Krokenberger's side won, by the score of 20 to 11.



Unwilling to give up horses altogether, Captain Felham effected a compromise. His first appearance in the park created quite a sensation.

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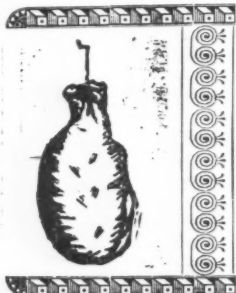
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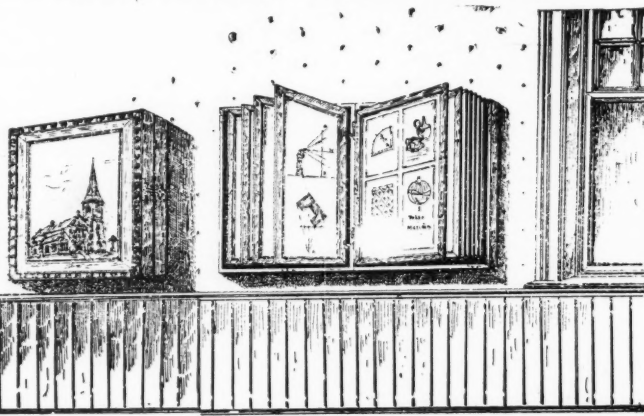
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